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Why Congressmen Like Their Jobs

Members Lead Lives of Luxury, With Flunkies to Look After Their Creature Wants

CONGRESSIONAL PERQUISITES.

Obsequious Servitors.
Marble Bath Tubs.
Perfumed Soap.
Electric Massages.
Barbers and Manicures.
Softest of Towels.
Mahogany Furniture.
Works of Art.
Carpets of Velvet.
Newspapers to Read.
Telegrams Free.
Flowers Without Cost.
Two Palaces Building.
Underground Tramway.
Elaborate Cafes.
Good Time in Winter.
Junkets in Summer.
People Foot Bills.

BY GEORGE ROBERT AGNEWS.

Washington, Aug. 25.—A glimpse at the luxuries generously furnished to themselves by congressmen out of the people's funds may explain why congressmen are so anxious to retain the jobs which pay them only $5,000 a year, and demand nearly as much in order to secure re-election. They receive more than $5,000, when comfort and luxury are considered. In no country in the world is the legislative body housed with such imperial disregard of expense. Congress is not satisfied with the accommodations that have served for nearly a century, and is building two marble palaces adjacent to the capitol, where prodigal expenditure is being made to insure the bodily comfort of the lawmakers.

Each of these palaces will cost about $7,000,000 furnished. The furniture has not yet been selected, but it will be of the finest and richest description. The buildings are of the most ornate and lasting construction, built largely by day labor under the direction of the superintendent of the capitol, who has every incentive to please his only masters, the senate and house. These great expenditures are made by congress without regard to other branches of the government. The President, for example, has nothing to say for or against the expense, and could not stop it if he would. If congress saw fit to make the pillars of these palaces of jasper and chalcedony, there would be no one to say it nay. Under the circumstances it is perhaps in order to stand aghast at the moderation of men who have the United States treasury at their disposal.

Old Capitol Not Bad.

Until the new buildings are ready, congressmen and senators must struggle along under the hardships of life "under the dome," as the capitol is sometimes described. Of course, there is no comparison between present conditions and those which will prevail when the palaces of legislation have been completed and stored with their treasures of Persian rugs, marble baths, statues, frosted globes, fountains, mural paintings, mahogany desks, leather couches, velvet carpets, and so on. But public men manage to extract a little comfort from their present surroundings, after all, assisted as they are by an army of flunkeys and a force of workmen who are forever altering, repairing, and improving the ancient capitol.

The congressman from Podunk, or Smith's Crossroads, is a little taken aback when he first experiences the pleasures of life under the dome. This is because he was not fully "onto the ropes." After he is sworn in, he is mighty apt in learning all about his perquisites. He discovers that the stationery room is open and that beautiful Christmas gifts may be purchased there for a trifle. He finds a credit of $125 at this place, ready to be blown in. He is obsequiously addressed by old, diplomatic servitors, who take his overcoat and hat and show him the way to the barber shop. There expert barbers greet him cordially, shave him, cut his rustic locks, give him an electric shampoo and a massage, and hand him over to the keeper of the baths.

Revel in Marble Baths.

These baths are the joy of a congressman serving his first term. He frequents them oftener than he ever dallied with the tub and tea kettle in the old home kitchen of a Saturday night. He finds the same kind old servants ready to help him. He is assisted in divesting himself of his garments, and his faithful helper—an old darkey who is carried on the rolls as a "laborer"—wraps him in a big, creamy Turkish towel. He proceeds along the warm marble floor to the gigantic basin called a bath tub. It is a solid block of whitest marble, voluptuously carved into a bath, and fitted with gleaming silver faucets, through which gushes filtered hot or cold water. The attendant looks after the water supply, produces a fresh cake of expensive soap for the bather, and proceeds to initiate him.

The man from Podunk never experienced a bath like that before. He closes his eyes and imagines he is lord of a harem in Stamboul. The drowsy gurgle of the water, the expert manipulation of the attendant, the scent of attar of roses, and the soft delight of fluffy blankets and towels on a downy couch lull him to sleep. He is never disturbed. He is immune from telephone, bell, or personal call. When he arouses himself he is rubbed down by a skilled masseur, who is paid as a "messenger," and if he is a little languid and likes the sensation, an electric massage machine is applied to his sensitive shoulders and trunk. If his nails need polishing, a manicure is at his service. Then the attendant helps to dress him, and he returns via elevator to the hall of the house, ready to read the newspaper and write letters to constituents. The morning's pleasures, from the moment the overcoat is removed by the servant until the luncheon hour, have not cost the congressman a cent.

All at Expense of the People.

These baths, massage treatments, barber shops, etc., are maintained at the expense of the people of the United States. There are about 20 exquisitely fitted bathrooms on the house side of the capitol, each with its attendant ready to administer the soppy of repose to the weary statesman, without money and without price except for the occasional tip. There are Russian, Turkish, Roman and Swedish bathing arrangements all administered by skilled attendants, who do nothing else and who are described officially as laborers, messengers, or clerks. Some of these bath attendants are paid liberal salaries, but through the method adopted by congress in paying them, it is impossible to tell what they get. One of the old-time attendants, who developed especial skill, and who recently died leaving a comfortable fortune, is supposed to have received $3,000 a year in salary and tips. The barber who succeds in getting a job in the house barber shop is envied by his fellows. It is a poor year when he cannot make $2,000, working only six months.

The member from Podunk, if he is wise, soon discovers that the house restaurant is a pleasant place, with its courteous waiters, who have served great men time out of mind. They treat the new member well, and if he is the right sort he soon finds delicate tid-bits on his plate which are unknown to the vulgar horde. The mysterious word goes down to the cook, and he outdoes himself in fashioning delicacies to suit the jaded palate of the Podunk statesman, whose previous experience has been confined largely to beans, cracklin' bread, and pot-liquor—excellent nutrition in itself, but not arrogant in its pretensions. The member discovers also a method of buying choice Havanas a little under the regular rate.

King in His Committee Room.

In his committee room the Podunk lawgiver reigns a little king. He sits at a solid mahogany desk with antique brass trimmings. His chair is big, roomy, and softly upholstered, either in leather or velvet. On the walls of the finer rooms are paintings, the work of gifted artists brought to Washington especially for the purpose of adorning the walls with their art. Occasionally, when an especially fine painting is in need of a shelter, the Podunk congressman finds a place for it on the walls of his committee room. Some of these paintings are the work of American masters, for which congress paid as high as $25,000. They represent inspiring scenes from the national history, artfully calculated to arouse the smoldering fires of patriotism in the breast of the man from Podunk.

At home, in Podunk, the elect of his fellows is ready to drink out of a tin dipper, or even from the old oaken bucket. But at the capitol he finds that Apollinaris, White Rock, Great Bear, and half a dozen other mineral waters are necessary. His secretary draws liberally on these supplies, which are paid for, of course, by the treasury. They are placed in a refrigerator, with plenty of ice, and during the hot months are consumed in enormous quantities. The "general public" discovered long ago that expensive mineral water was free at the capitol, and many a thirsty hanger-on regales himself at the public expense.

Sometimes the wife of the member from Podunk wishes to shine a little socially, at small expense. Then he works the graft of the Botanic gardens. A government employe drives to the member's house in a government wagon and deposits a load of choice cut flowers, potted plants, etc., from the government gardens. After the dinner, Mrs. Podunk enhances her reputation for charity by sending the flowers to the poor. In the course of a winter influential legislators sometimes obtain thousands of dollars' worth of flowers from the government without expending a cent.

Medicines Furnished Free.

If the feast of good things should upset the Podunker, he languidly touches the bell at his desk, and sends his faithful colored messenger to the sergeant-at-arms, with a request for some medicine. The sergeant-at-arms keeps himself solid with the lawmakers by looking after their bodily health. In order to do this he must have a good assortment of drugs, and, of course, the government foots the bill. There are pills galore, bromo seltzer, quinine, calomel, and a hundred other remedies prescribed by physicians. If a member should be seriously and suddenly ill, there is usually among his colleagues a practicing physician, who prescribes for him—at government expense.

All members of congress enjoy the "courtesy" of the telegraph and telephone companies—that is, they can send messages free anywhere in the United States. It is common rumor that telephones are furnished to members at their residences at reduced rates, and sometimes free. Of course, they are entitled to newspapers, which are delivered at their homes and paid for by Uncle Sam. Occasionally a senator takes a liking to a magazine and has it sent to his house. But the bill goes to the capitol and is paid for by the good-natured sergeant-at-arms.

As the session draws to a close the Podunk statesman finds he has made a number of friends among his colleagues, and it pains him to think that he must be separated from them for several months while he is plodding away in his dingy law office at Podunk. So a junket is arranged, either by special Pullman train or by special government steamer, for the purpose of "inspecting" the wild west, or Porto Rico, or the Panama canal. These junketing trains and steamers are luxuriously furnished, and the sergeant-at-arms has charge of them, seeing that the members are treated to the best food, wines, cigars, etc., that money will buy.

Future Full of Promise.

When the new house and senate palaces are completed there will be a better opportunity for the sergeant-at-arms to carry out his plans for the comfort of the lawmakers. He is cramped now, but then he will have everything handy. In the first place, each member will then have a stately office, fitted with new mahogany furniture, costly rugs and paintings. There will be 410 of these offices in the house palace, and the senate palace will contain ninety-nine suites of two rooms each. A senator's office will be 16x25 feet, with high ceiling, and his secretary will struggle along in a room 12x25 feet in size. The dining room in the senate building will be 30 feet wide and 65 feet long, two stories in height, with an ornate elliptical ceiling. The house dining room will be the same size, on the second floor, with a ceiling two stories high. The dining room will be finished in ornamental plaster, with paintings and sculpture. It will overlook the Library of Congress.

In each building will be a great rotunda, not as large as the capitol rotunda, but more richly designed, with columns of pure white marble, appropriate statuary, and mural decorations. Heavy marble intramural stairways will add richness to the effect, and twelve elevators will be provided.

From the house palace to the capitol, and thence to the senate palace, will be cut a subway, with a complete electric tramway system, supplied with luxurious little cars for the use of lawmakers. The careworn member from Podunk, if he wishes to escape the importunities of his constituents can descend in an elevator, step into an upholstered car, and be whisked across to the capitol or to the senate palace. There he can emerge in another elevator nearly a quarter of a mile away from his tormentors. The public at large will of course be excluded from the tramway. The subway will be richly tiled, ventilated, and warmed by the same power that propels the trams, and brilliantly lighted.

Warm in Winter; Cool in Summer.

A new powerhouse, designed to ventilate, light and heat the capitol and the two legislative palaces is now being constructed several squares distant, at a cost of $2,000,000. All the appliances will be underground. With the new powerhouse completed, the capitol will be overhauled and a new ventilating system installed, which will heat each room independently. Automatic thermostats will keep the temperature constant, and in warm weather cool air will be forced into the myriad of rooms. The same system will be installed, of course, in the senate and house buildings.

When the weather becomes hot toward the end of a long session of congress, Apollinaris lemonade in enormous quantities is prepared by the culinary department in either end of the capitol. This beverage is prepared without regard to expense, and dispensed with a lavish hand. If a tired member wishes a stick in it, he has merely to turn to his little private cabinet, where rare old Bourbon, rye, Scotch and various liquors are nestled. Sometimes plebeian beer is preferred and it is always forthcoming. The sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited both in the senate and house wings, but this does not prevent a legislator from obtaining the inspiration necessary to make eloquent speeches and prepare wise laws for a billion-dollar nation.

Is it not a billion-dollar congress? Shall the ox be muzzled that treads out the corn? Shall the patient ass of legislation be denied his bundle of thistles. Nay, nay, says the member from Podunk, as he votes unanimously for servants who make life bearable for him in Washington.

These are some of the reasons why congressmen from Maine to California are fighting furiously to retain their pleasant upholstered seats in congress.

The Horseless Wagon in 1832

BIG STEAM CARRIAGE RAN BETWEEN LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

Church's steam coach, an elaborately decorated concern, which rather resembled a circus car, ran between London and Birmingham. It was something like a double stage coach, but had more inside accommodation than that vehicle. It was constructed to carry 28 inside and 22 outside passengers. The chauffeur wore the manytipped dress of the old stage coachman, a garb made immortal by the portraits of the elder Weller. In 1831 a select committee of the house of commons reported on the automobile movement. Its practicability the committee considered fully established, but they mentioned that a formidable obstacle existed in popular prejudice, which led to the imposition of prohibitive and excessive tolls. The new railways secured a law providing that a man with a red flag by day and a red lantern at night should keep 100 yards in advance of every automobile. The man has even been seen on the buffer of a traction engine.—Illustrated London News.

TAMENESS OF WILD ANIMALS

nstances From an Island Where Life Is Protected.

That wild animals become extremely tame is well known. The wild quail of southern California will enter gardens and nest there, and in the protected season I have seen a flock standing in a country road, a jaunty male between them, and my horse not twenty feet away, moving only when I moved, and then with reluctance.

Several years ago some residents on one of the channel islands of southern California, says the Scientific American, introduced a number of black tailed deer, which were protected to such an extent that in time they discovered that they were privileged characters and assumed nearly the absolute contempt for human beings held by the sacred bulls of India, that crowd men and women from the road. They persisted in entering gardens, day and night, destroying the plants, and finally to locate them the dwellers on the island had bells fastened to them. One buck made his home near the town of Carlito and walked about the place and over the hills with the freedom of a dog. When a boat landed off the pier the buck ran down to greet the newcomers and share their lunch, and became a welcome guest at barbecues and lobster shanakos.

Nearly all animal life is protected at this island. I have counted half a hundred bald eagles in an eleven-mile run, have seen them take a large fish from the water within easy gunshot, and they build their nests on pinnacles that are not difficult of approach. The sea birds are equally tame. Gulls gather in flocks a few feet from those who feed them; in the winter flocks of cormorants swim into the bays and are so tame that they merely divide when a boat passes, and fishermen often find that the cormorants take off bait almost as fast as they can put it on. Gulls dash at bait, and I have seen a long winged bird resembling the petrel follow my line under water at a cast, using its wings to fly along, and take the bait, and at times scores of sea birds are seen inshore feeding upon small shrimps, paying no attention to observers photographing them.

The most remarkable illustration of tameness to be seen here is that of the sea lions. For ages the animals have held possession of a mass of rock on the shore of the islands. A few years ago many were killed by vandals, but laws were passed, and for a number of years the sea lions have been protected, and the rookery has increased in size until a split has recently occurred and another settlement has been established half way up the island.

It has been the custom for years for fishermen in cleaning their fish to toss the refuse into the bay, and the sea lions formed the habit of coming down to the bay at this time to dine thereupon. At first only one or two came; now a band of two large bulls and several females make their headquarters at the bay, or spend most of the time there, constituting a valuable sanitary corps, as they eat every fragment of fish, the gulls joining in the feast. When not feeding the sea lions pass the time lying within a few feet of the beach, sleeping or playing, the females and young leaping from the water and going through various tricks of interest to the looker-on.

But a few feet away from the sea lions are the boat stands of the fishermen and boatmen and boats are moving out and over the sea lions constantly; yet they are apparently oblivious to the men, who never molest them. This has had a peculiar result. The enormous animals have become so tame that they almost allow the men to touch them, and readily come out upon the shore to feed from their hands. It happened that I was upon the sands when no sea lions were in sight, and upon asking a boatman where they were, he began to whistle, as though calling for a dog, and to call "Here, Ben!" repeating the call several times, whereupon out from among the anchored boats appeared not only Ben, but two large bull sea lions, which must have weighed half a ton, followed by two or three smaller females.

A SAILOR ON ART.

"I'll take a sailor along with me the next time I buy a sea painting," said a millionaire. "I bought two marines last month and yesterday my old friend, Captain Salthorse, had a look at them.

"Salthorse said:

"'In this picture we've got a trading schooner in charge of a tug towing away from a rock-bound coast through a fearful jumble of sea. The schooner's main topmast is gone, and all sails are lowered except her staysail, which is being hoisted, though she is towing head on to the gale. Why that hoisted staysail? All hands, I suppose, are drunk.

"'In the second picture,' continued Captain Salthorse, 'the principal boat, an 18-footer, is racing, yet has no flag flying. That's as incorrect as it would be for you to go to a dinner party minus a shirt. The crew of this boat are getting in the spinnaker, and, if they lower away, both spinnaker and boom will be in the water, for they have neglected to let the boom go forward. But I know what the trouble is with them. They, too, are drunk.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

I WANT TO GO A-BERRYIN'.

I want to go a-berryin'—
How strangely like a tune
Echo those words around my desk
This sultry afternoon!
The figures all to berries turn;
I can't make out a bill;
I want to go a-berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill.

I want to go a-berryin'—
There's nothin' half so sweet;
The longin' stirs my blood until
It tingles in my feet.
I see the red, red clusters in
The field above the mill;
I want to go a-berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill.

I want to go a-berryin'—
But not to go alone;
I want to go with Mary Jane
As in the years a-flown.
Just one pail between us—how
Our hands would meet and thrill!
I want to go a berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill.

I want to go a-berryin'.
What things we used to say!
Ah, Mary Jane, she always had
The sweetest sort of way!
To hear her laugh—oh, my!
'Twould set my soul athrill
When we were out a-berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill.

I want to go a-berryin',
Alas! why did I leave
The only girl I ever loved—
I wonder did she grieve!
How could I hope to find afar
Aught that her place could fill,
Or sweeter joys than berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill?

I want to go a-berryin'—
I want to go, oh, so much;
To go I'd give just all the gold
I ever hope to touch.
But though the eyes of Mary Jane,
Like stars, are beckonin' still,
No more shall we go berryin'
On Farmer Baker's hill.

—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "The Main Chance," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

She thrust her hands into the pockets of her coat and shook the tam-o'-shanter slightly, to establish it in a more comfortable spot on her head. The beads had been in my corduroy coat since I found them. I drew them out and gave them to her.

"Thank you; thank you very much."

"Of course they are yours, Miss—"

She thrust them into her pocket.

"Of course they're mine," she said indignantly, and turned to go.

"We'll waive proof of property and that sort of thing," I remarked, with, I fear, the hope of detaining her. "I'm sorry not to establish a more neighborly feeling with St. Agatha's. The stone wall may seem formidable, but it's not of my building. I must open the gate. That wall's a trifle steep for climbing."

I was amusing myself with the idea that my identity was a dark mystery to her. I had read English novels in which the young lord of the manor is always mistaken for the gamekeeper's son by the pretty daughter of the curate who has come home from school to be the belle of the county. But my lady of the red tam-o'-shanter was not a creature of illusions.

"It serves a very good purpose—the wall, I mean—Mr. Glenarm.

She was walking down the steps and I followed. I am not a man to suffer a lost school girl to cross my lands unattended in a snowstorm, and the piazza of a boathouse is not, I submit, a pleasant loafing place on a winter day. She marched before me, her hands in her pockets—I liked her particularly that way—with an easy swing and a light and certain step. Her remark about the wall did not encourage further conversation and I fell back upon the poets.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,"

I quoted. Quoting poetry in a snowstorm while you stumble through a woodland behind a girl who shows no interest in either your prose or your rhymes has its embarrassments, particularly when you are breathing a trifle hard from the swift pace your auditor is leading you.

"I have heard that before," she said, half turning her face, then laughing as she hastened on.

Her brilliant cheeks were a delight to the eye. The snow swirled about her, whitened the crown of her red cap and clung to her shoulders. Have you ever seen snow-crystals gleam, break, dissolve in fair, soft, storm-blown hair? Do you know how a man will pledge his soul that a particular flake will never fade, never cease to rest upon a certain flying strand over a girlish temple? And he loses—his heart and his wager—in a breath! If you fail to understand these things, and are furthermore unfamiliar with the fact that the color in the cheeks of a girl who walks abroad in a driving snowstorm marks the favor of heaven itself, then I waste time, and you will do well to rap at the door of another inn.

"I'd rather missed you," I said; "and, really, I should have been over to apologize if I hadn't been afraid."

"Sister Theresa is rather fierce," she declared. "And we're not allowed to receive gentlemen callers—it says so in the catalogue."

"So I imagined. I trust Sister Theresa is improving."

"Yes; thank you."

"And Miss Devereux,—she is quite well, I hope?"

She turned her head as though to listen more carefully, and her step slackened for a moment; then she hurried blithely forward.

"Oh, she's always well, I believe."

"You know her, of course."

"Oh, rather! She gives us music lessons."

"So, Miss Devereux is the music teacher, is she? Should you call her a popular teacher?"

"The girls call her"—she seemed moved to mirth by the recollection—"Miss Prim and Prosy."

"Ugh!" I exclaimed sympathetically. "Tall and hungry looking with long talons that pound the keys with grim delight. I know the sort."

"She's a sight!"—and my guide laughed approvingly. "But we have to take her; she's part of the treatment."

"You speak of St. Agatha's as though it were a sanatorium."

"Oh, it's not so bad! I've seen worse."

"Where do most of the students come from—all what you call Hoosiers?"

"Oh, no! They're from all over—Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Indianapolis."

"What the magazines call the middle west."

"I believe that is so. The bishop addressed us once as the flower of the middle west, and made us really wish he'd come again."

We were approaching the gate. Her indifference to the storm delighted me. Here, I thought in my admiration, is a real product of the western world. I felt that we had made strides toward such a comradeship as it is proper should exist between a school girl in her teens and a male neighbor of twenty-seven. I was—going back to English fiction—the young squire walking home with the curate's pretty young daughter and conversing with fine condescension.

"We girls all wish we could come over and help hunt the lost treasure. It must be simply splendid to live in a house where there's a mystery—secret passages and chests of doubloons and all that sort of thing. My! Squire Glenarm, I suppose you spend all your nights exploring secret passages."

This free expression of opinion startled me, though she seemed wholly innocent of impertinence.

"Who says there's any secret about the house?" I demanded.

"Oh, Ferguson, the gardener, and all the girls!

"I fear Ferguson is drawing on his imagination."

"Well, all the people in the village think so. I've heard the candy shop woman speak of it often."

"She'd better attend to her taffy," I retorted.

"Oh, you mustn't be sensitive about it! All us girls think it ever so romantic, and we call you sometimes the lord of the realm, and when we see you walking through the darkling wood at eventall we say, 'My lord is brooding upon the treasure chests.'"

This, delivered in the stilted tone of one who is half quoting and half improvising, was irresistibly funny, and I laughed with good will.

"I hope you've forgiven me—" I began, kicking the gate to knock off the snow, and taking the key from my pocket.

"But I haven't, Mr. Glenarm. Your assumption is, to say the least, unwarranted—I got that from a book!"

"It isn't fair for you to know my name and for me not to know yours," I said leadingly.

"You are perfectly right. You are Mr. John Glenarm—the gardener told me—and I am just Olivia. They don't allow me to be called Miss yet, I'm very young, sir"

"You've only told me half"—and I kept my hand on the closed gate. The snow still fell steadily and the short afternoon was nearing its close. I did not like to lose her—the life, the youth, the mirth for which she stood. The thought of Glenarm house amid the snow-hung wood and of the long winter evening that I must spend alone moved me to delay. Lights already gleamed in the school buildings straight before us and the sight of them smote me with loneliness.

"Olivia Gladys Armstrong," she said, laughingly, brushed past me through the gate and ran lightly over the snow toward St. Agatha's.

CHAPTER X.

I read in the library until late, hearing the howl of the wind outside with satisfaction in the warmth and comfort of the great room. Bates brought in some sandwiches and a bottle of ale at midnight.

"If there's nothing more, sir—"

"That is all, Bates." And he went off sedately to his own quarters.

I was restless and in no mood for bed and mourned the lack of variety in my grandfather's library. I moved about from shelf to shelf, taking down one book after another, and while thus engaged came upon a series of large volumes extra-illustrated in water colors of unusual beauty. They occupied a lower shelf, and I sprawled on the floor, like a boy with a new picture book, in my absorption, piling the great volumes about me. They were on related subjects pertaining to the French chateaux.

In the last volume I found a sheet of white notepaper no larger than my hand, a forgotten book mark. I assumed, and half crumpled it in my fingers before I noticed the lines of a pencil sketch on one side of it. I carried it to the table and spread it out.

It was not the bit of idle penciling it had appeared to be at first sight. A scale had evidently been followed and the lines drawn with a ruler. With such trifles my grandfather had no doubt amused himself. There was a long corridor indicated, but of this I could make nothing. I studied it for several minutes, thinking it might have been a tentative sketch of some part of the house. In turning it about under the candelabrum I saw that in several places the glaze had been rubbed from the paper by an eraser, and this piqued my curiosity. I brought a magnifying glass to bear upon the sketch. The drawing had been made with a hard pencil and the eraser had removed the lead, but a well-defined imprint remained.

I was able to make out the letters N. W. ¾ to C.—a reference clearly enough to points of the compass and a distance. The word ravine was scrawled over a rough outline of a doorway or opening of some sort, and then the phrase: The Door of Bewilderment.

Now I am rather an imaginative person; that is why engineering captured my fancy. It was through his trying to make an architect (a person who quarrels with women about their kitchen sinks!) of a boy who wanted to be an engineer that my grandfather and I failed to hit it off. From boyhood I have never seen a great bridge or watched a locomotive climb a difficult hillside without a thrill; and a lighthouse still seems to me quite the finest monument a man can build for himself. My grandfather's devotion to old churches and medieval houses always struck me as trifling and unworthy of a grown man. And fate was busy with my affairs that night, for, instead of lighting my pipe with the little sketch I was strangely impelled to study it seriously.

I drew for myself rough outlines of the interior of Glenarm House as it had appeared to me, and then I tried to reconcile the little sketch with every part of it.

"The Door of Bewilderment" was the charm that held me. The phrase was in itself a lure. The man who had built a preposterous house in the woods of Indiana and called it "The House of a Thousand Candles" was quite capable of other whims; and as I bent over this scrap of paper in the candle-lighted library it occurred to me that possibly I had not done justice to my grandfather's genius. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused as to the hidden corners of the queer old house, round which the wind shrieked tormentingly.

I went to my room, put on my corduroy coat for its greater warmth in going through the cold halls, took a candle and went below. One o'clock in the morning is not the most cheering hour for exploring the dark recesses of a strange house, but I had resolved to have a look at the ravine-opening and determine, if possible, whether it bore any relation to "The Door of Bewilderment."

All was quiet in the great cellar; only here and there an area window rattled dolorously. I carried a tape-line with me and made measurements of the length and depth of the corridor and of the chambers that were set off from it. These figures I entered in my notebook for further use, and sat down on an empty nail-keg to reflect. The place was certainly substantial; the candle at my feet burned steadily with no hint of a draft; but I saw no solution of my problem. All the doors along the corridor were open, or yielded readily to my hand. I was losing sleep for nothing; my grandfather's sketch was meaningless, and I rose and picked up my candle, yawning.

Then a curious thing happened. The candle, whose thin flame had risen unwaveringly, sputtered and went out as a sudden gust swept the corridor.

I had left nothing open behind me, and the outer doors of the house were always locked and barred. But some one had gained ingress to the cellar by an opening of which I knew nothing.

I faced the stairway that led up to the back hall of the house, when to my astonishment, steps sounded behind me and, turning, I saw, coming toward me, a man carrying a lantern. I marked his careless step; he was undoubtedly on familiar ground. As I watched him he paused, lifted the lantern to a level with his eyes and began sounding the wall with a hammer.

Here, undoubtedly, was my friend Morgan—again! There was the same periodicity in the beat on the wall that I had heard in my own rooms. He began at the top and went methodically to the floor. I leaned against the wall where I stood and watched the lantern slowly coming toward me. The small revolver with which I had fired at his flying figure in the wood was in my pocket. My chances were as good as his, though I confess I did not relish the thought of being found dead the next morning in the cellar of my own house. It pleased my humor to let him approach in this way, unconscious that he was watched, until I should thrust my pistol into his face.

His arms grew tired when he was about ten feet from me and he dropped the lantern and hammer to his side, and swore under his breath impatiently.

Then he began again, with greater zeal. As he came nearer I studied his face in the lantern's light with interest. His hat was thrust back, and I could see his jaw hard-set under his blonde beard.

He took a step nearer, ran his eyes over the wall and resumed his tapping. The ceiling was something less than eight feet, and he began at the top. In settling himself for the new series of strokes he swayed toward me slightly, and I could hear his hard breathing. I was deliberating how best to throw myself upon him, but as I wavered he stepepd back, swore at his ill-luck and flung the hammer to the ground.

"Thanks!" I shouted, leaping forward and snatching the lantern. "Stand just where you are!"

With the revolver in my right hand and the lantern held high in my left, I enjoyed his utter consternation, as my voice roared in the corridor.

"It's too bad we meet under such strange circumstances, Morgan," I said. "I'd begun to miss you; but I suppose you've been sleeping in the daytime to gather strength for your night prowling."

"You're a fool," he growled. He was recovering from his fright—I knew it by the gleam of his teeth in his yellow beard. His eyes, too, were moving restlessly about. He undoubtedly knew the house better than I did, and was considering the best means of escape. I did not know what to do with him now that I had him at the point of a pistol; and in my ignorance of his motives and my vague surmise as to the agency back of him, I was filled with uncertainty.

"You needn't hold that thing quite so near," he said, staring at me coolly.

"I'm glad it annoys you, Morgan," I said. "It may help you to answer some questions I'm going to put to you."

"So you want information, do you, Mr. Glenarm? I should think it would be beneath the dignity of a great man like you to ask a poor devil like me for help."

"We're not talking of dignity," I said. "I want you to tell me how you got in here."

He laughed.

"You're a very shrewd one, Mr. Glenarm. I came in by the kitchen window, if you must know. I got in before your solemn jack-of-all-trades locked up, and I walked down to the end of the passage there"—he indicated the direction with a slight jerk of his head—"and slept until it was time to go to work. You can see how easy it was."

I laughed now at the sheer assurance of the fellow.

"If you can't lie better than that you needn't try again. Face about now, and march!"

I put new energy into my tone, and he turned and walked before me down the corridor in the direction from which he had come. We were, I dare say, a pretty pair—he tramping doggedly before me. I following at his heels with his lantern and my pistol. The situation had played prettily into my hands, and I had every intention of wresting from him the reason for his interest in Glenarm House and my affairs.

"Not so fast," I admonished sharply.

"Excuse me," he replied mockingly.

He was no common rogue; I felt the quality in him with a certain admiration for his scoundrelly talents—a fellow, I reflected, who was best studied at the point of a pistol.

I continued at his heels, and poked the muzzle of the revolver against his back from time to time to keep him assured of my presence—a device that I was to regret a second later.

We were about ten yards from the end of the corridor when he flung himself backward upon me, threw his arms over his head and seized me about the neck, turning himself lithely until his fingers clasped my throat.

A fired blindly once, and felt the smoke of the revolver hot in my own nostrils. The lantern fell from my hand, and one or the other of us smashed it with our feet.

A wrestling match in that dark hole was not to my liking. I still held on to the revolver, waiting for a chance to use it, and meanwhile he tried to throw me, forcing me back against one side and then the other of the passage.

With a quick rush he flung me away, and in the same second I fired. The roar of the shot in the narrow corridor seemed interminable. I flung myself on the floor, expecting a return shot, and quickly enough a flash broke upon the darkness dead ahead, and I arose to my feet, fired again and leaped to the opposite side of the corridor and crouched there. We had adopted the same tactics, firing and dodging to avoid the target made by the flash of our pistols, and watching and listening after the roar of the explosions. It a was a very pretty game, but destined not to last long. He was slowly retreating toward the end of the passage, where there was, I remembered, a dead wall. His only chance was to crawl through an area window I knew to be there, and this would, I felt sure, give him into my hands.

After five shots apiece there was a truce. The pungent smoke of the powder caused me to cough, and he laughed.

"Have you swallowed a bullet, Mr. Glenarm?" he called.

I could hear his feet scraping on the cement floor; he was moving away from me, doubtless intending to fire when he reached the area window and escape before I could reach him. I crept warily after him, ready to fire on the instant, but not wishing to throw away my last cartridge. That I resolved to keep for close quarters at the window.

He was now very near the end of the corridor; I heard his feet strike some boards that I remembered lay on the floor there, and I was nerved for a shot and a hand-to-hand struggle, if it came to that.

I was sure that he sought the window; I heard his hands on the wall as he felt for it. Then a breath of cold air swept the passage, and I knew he must be drawing himself up to the opening. I fired and dropped to the floor. With the roar of the explosion I heard him yell, but the expected return shot did not follow.

The pounding of my heart seemed to mark the passing of hours. I feared that my foe was playing some trick, creeping toward me, perhaps, to fire at close range, or to grapple with me in the dark. The cold air still whistled into the corridor, and I began to feel the chill of it. Being fired upon is disagreeable enough, but waiting in the dark for the shot is worse.

I rose and walked toward the end of the passage.

Then his revolver flashed and roared directly ahead, the flame of it so near that it blinded me. I fell forward confused and stunned, but shook myself together in a moment and got upon my feet. The draft of air no longer blew into the passage. Morgan had taken himself off through the window and closed it after him. I made sure of this by going to the window and feeling of it with my hands.

I went back and groped about for my candle, which I found without difficulty and lighted. I then returned to the window to examine the catch. To my utter astonishment it was fastened with staples, driven deep into the sash, in such way that it could not possibly have been opened without the aid of tools. I tried it at every point. Not only was it securely fastened, but it could not possibly be opened without an expenditure of time and labor.

There was no doubt whatever that Morgan knew more about Glenarm House than I did. It was possible, but not likely, that he had crept past me in the corridor and gone out through the house, or by some other cellar window. My eyes were smarting from the smoke of the last shot, and my cheek stung where the burnt powder had struck my face. I was alive, but in my vexation and perplexity not, I fear, grateful for my safety. It was, however, some consolation to feel sure I had winged the enemy.

I gathered up the fragments of Morgan's lantern and went back to the library. The lights in half the candlesticks had sputtered out. I extinguished the remainder and started to my room.

Then, in the great dark hall I heard a muffled tread as of some one following me—not on the great staircase, nor in any place I could identify—yet unmistakably on steps of some sort beneath or above me. My nerves were already keyed to a breaking pitch, and the ghostlike tread in the hall angered me—Morgan, or his ally, Bates, I reflected, at some new trick. I ran into my room, found a heavy walking stick and set off for Bates' room on the third floor. It was always easy to attribute any sort of mischief to the fellow, and undoubtedly he was crawling through the house somewhere on an errand that boded no good to me.

It was now past two o'clock and he should have been asleep and out of the way long ago. I crept to his room and threw open the door without, I must say, the slightest idea of finding him there. But Bates, the enigma, Bates, the incomparable cook, the perfect servant, sat at a table, the light of several candles falling on a book over which he was bent with that maddening gravity he had never yet in my presence thrown off.

He rose at once, stood at attention, inclining his head slightly.

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

"Yes, the devil!" I roared at him, astonished at finding him—sorry, I must say, that he was there. The stick fell from my hands. I did not doubt he knew perfectly well that I had some purpose in breaking in upon him. I was baffled and in my rage floundered for words to explain myself.

"I thought I heard some one in the house. I don't want you prowling about in the night, do you hear?"

"Certainly not, sir," he replied in a grieved tone.

I glanced at the book he had been reading. It was a volume of Shakespeare's comedies, open at the first scene of the last act of The Winter's Tale.

"Quite a pretty bit of work that, I should say," he remarked. "It was one of my late master's favorites."

"Go to the devil!" I bawled at him, and went down to my room and slammed the door in rage and chagrin.

CHAPTER XI.

Going to bed at three o'clock on a winter morning in a house whose ways are disquieting, after a duel in which you escaped whole only by sheer good luck, does not fit one for sleep. When I finally drew the covers over me it was to lie and speculate upon the events of the night in connection with the history of the few weeks I had spent at Glenarm. Larry had suggested in New York that Pickering was playing some deep game, and I, myself, could not accept Pickering's statement that my grandfather's large fortune had proved to be a myth. If Pickering had not stolen or dissipated it, where was it concealed? Morgan was undoubtedly looking for something of value or he would not risk his life in the business; and it was quite possible that he was employed by Pickering to search for hidden property. This idea took strong hold of me, the more readily, I fear, since I had always been anxious to see evil in Pickering. There was, to be sure, the unknown alternative heir, but neither she nor Sister Theresa was, I imagined, a person capable of hiring an assassin to kill me.

On reflection I dismissed the idea of appealing to the county authorities, and I never regretted that resolution. The seat of Wabana county was twenty miles away, the processes of law were unfamiliar, and I wished to avoid publicity. Morgan might, of course, have been easily disposed of by an appeal to the Annandale constable, but now that I suspected Pickering of treachery, the caretaker's importance dwindled. I had waited all my life for a chance at Arthur Pickering, and in this affair I hoped to draw him into the open and settle with him.

I slept presently, but woke at my usual hour, and after a tub felt ready for another day. Bates served me, as usual, a breakfast that gave a fair aspect to the morning. I was alert for any sign of perturbation in him; but I had already decided that I might as well look for emotion in a stone wall as in this placid, colorless serving man. I had no reason to suspect him of complicity in the night's affair, but I had no faith in him, and merely waited until he should throw himself more boldly into the game.

By my plate next morning I found this note, written in a clear, bold, woman's hand:

"The Sisters of St. Agatha trust that the intrusion upon his grounds by Miss Armstrong, one of their students, has caused Mr. Glenarm no annoyance. The Sisters bar that this infraction of their discipline will be overlooked, and they assure Mr. Glenarm that it will not recur."

An unnecessary apology! The note paper was of the best quality. At the head of the page "St. Agatha's

having you enjoy it—"

"I like the word—go ahead."

"And I suppose there are things about it that he wished you to learn for yourself."

"You know them, of course, and are watching me to see when I'm hot or cold, like kids playing hide the handkerchief."

The fellow turned and faced me across the table.

"Mr. Glenarm, as I hope God may be merciful to me in the last judgment, I don't know any more than you do."

"You were here with Mr. Glenarm all the time he was building the house, but you never saw walls built that weren't what they appeared to be, or doors made that didn't lead anywhere."

I summoned all my irony and contempt for this arraignment. He lifted his hand, as though making oath.

"As God sees me, that is all true. I was here to care for the dead master's comfort and not to spy on him."

"And Morgan, your friend, what about him?"

"I wish I knew, sir."

"I wish to the devil you did," I said, and flung out of the room and into the library.

At eleven o'clock I heard a pounding at the great front door and Bates came to announce a caller, who was now audibly knocking the snow from his shoes in the outer hall.

"The Reverend Paul Stoddard, sir."

The chaplain of St. Agatha's was a big fellow, as I had remarked on the occasion of his interview with Olivia Gladys Armstrong by the wall. His light brown hair was close-cut; his smooth-shaven face was bright with the freshness of youth. Here was a sturdy young apostle without frills, but with a vigorous grip that left my hand tingling. His voice was deep and musical—a voice that suggested sincerity and inspired confidence.

"I'm afraid I haven't been neighborly, Mr. Glenarm. I was called away from home a few days after I heard of your arrival, and I have just got back. I blew in yesterday with the snow-storm."

He folded his arms easily and looked at me with cherful directness, as though politely interested in what manner of man I might be.

"It was a fine storm; I got a great day out of it," I said. "An Indiana snow-storm is something I have never experienced before."

"This is my second winter. I came out here because I wished to do some reading, and thought I'd rather do it alone than in a university."

"Studious habits are rather forced on one out here, I should say. In my own case my course of reading is all cut out for me."

He ran his eyes over the room.

"The Glenarm collection is famous—the best in the country, easily. Mr. Glenarm, your grandfather, was certainly an enthusiast. I met him several times; he was a trifle hard to meet"—and the clergyman smiled.

I felt rather uncomfortable, assuming that he probably knew I was undergoing discipline, and why my grandfather had so ordained it. The Reverend Paul Stoddard was so simple, unaffected and manly a fellow that I shrank from the thought that I must appear to him an ungrateful blackguard whom my grandfather had marked with obloquy.

"My grandfather had his whims; but he was a fine, generous-hearted old gentleman," I said.

"Yes; in my few interviews with him he surprised me by the range of his knowledge. He was quite able to instruct me in certain curious branches of church history that had appealed to him."

"You were here when he built the house, I suppose?"

My visitor laughed cheerfully.

"I was on my side of the barricade for a part of the time. You know there was a great deal of mystery about the building of this house. The country-folk hereabouts can't quite get over it. They have a superstition that there's treasure buried somewhere on the place. You see, Mr. Glenarm wouldn't employ any local labor. The work was done by men he brought from afar—none of them, the villagers say, could speak English. They were all Greeks or Italians."

"I have heard something of the kind," I remarked, feeling that here was a man who with a little cultivating might help me to solve some of my riddles.

"You haven't been on our side of the wall yet? Well, I promise not to molest your hidden treasure if you'll be neighborly."

"I fear there's a big joke involved in the hidden treasure," I replied. "I'm so busy staying at home to guard it that I have no time for social recreation."

He looked at me quickly to see whether I was joking. His eyes were steady and earnest. The Reverend Paul Stoddard impressed me more and more agreeably. There was a suggestion of a quiet strength about him that drew me to him.

"I suppose every one around here thinks of nothing but that I'm at Glenarm to earn my inheritance. My residence here must look pretty sordid from the outside."

"Mr. Glenarm's will is a matter of record in the county, of course. But you are too hard on yourself. It's nobody's business if your grandfather wished to visit his whims on you. I should say, in my own case, that I don't consider it any of my business what you are here for. I didn't come over to annoy you or to pry into your affairs. I get lonely now and then, and thought I'd like to establish neighborly relations."

"Thank you; I appreciate your coming very much"—and my heart warmed under the manifest kindness of the man.

"And I hope"—he spoke for the first time with restraint—"I hope nothing may prevent your knowing Sister Theresa and Miss Devereux. They are interesting and charming—the only women about here of your own social status."

My liking for him abated slightly. He might be a detective, representing the alternative heir, for all I knew, and possibly Sister Theresa was a party to the conspiracy.

"In time, no doubt, in time, I shall know them," I answered evasively.

"Oh, quite as you like!"—and he changed the subject. We talked of many things—of outdoor sports, with which he showed great familiarity, of universities, of travel and adventure. He was a Columbia man and had spent two years at Oxford.

"Well," he exclaimed, "this has been very pleasant, but I must run. I have just been over to see Morgan, the caretaker at the resort village. The poor fellow accidentally shot himself yesterday, cleaning his gun or something of that sort, and he has an ugly hole in his arm that will shut him in for a month or worse. He gave me an errand to do for him. He's a conscientious fellow and wished me to wire for him to Mr. Pickering that he'd been hurt, but was attending to his duties. Pickering owns a cottage over there, and Morgan has charge of it. You know Pickering, of course?"

I looked my clerical neighbor straight in the eye, a trifle coldly perhaps. I was wondering why Morgan, with whom I had enjoyed a duel in my own cellar only a few hours before, should be reporting his injury to Arthur Pickering.

"I think I have seen Morgan about here," I said.

"Oh, yes! He's a woodsman and a hunter—our Nimrod of the lake."

"A good sort, very likely."

"I dare say. He has sometimes brought me ducks during the season."

"To be sure! They shoot ducks at night—these Hoosier hunters — so I hear!"

He laughed as he shook himself into his greatcoat.

"That's possible, though unsportsmanlike. But we don't have to look a gift mallard in the eye."

We laughed together. I found that it was easy to laugh with him.

"By the way, I forgot to get Pickering's address from Morgan. If you happen to have it—"

"With pleasure," I said. "Alexis building, Broadway, New York."

"Good! That's easy to remember," he said, smiling and turning up his coat collar. "Don't forget me; I'm quartered in a hermit's cell back of the chapel, and I believe we can find many matters of interest to talk about."

"I'm confident of it," I said, glad of the sympathy and cheer that seemed to emanate from his stalwart figure.

I threw on my overcoat and walked to the gate with him, and saw him hurry toward the village with long strides.

CHAPTER XII.

"Bates!"—I found him busy replenishing the candlesticks in the library—it seemed to me that he was always poking about with an armful of candles—"there are a good many queer things in this world, but I guess you're one of the queerest. I don't mind telling you that there are times when I think you a thoroughly bad lot, and then again I question my judgment and don't give you credit for being much more than a doddering fool."

He was standing on a ladder beneath the great crystal chandelier that hung from the center of the ceiling, and looked down upon me with that patient injury that is so appealing in a dog—in, say, the eyes of an Irish setter, when you accidentally step on his tail. That look is heartbreaking in a setter, but, seen in a man, it arouses the direst homicidal feelings of which I am capable.

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm," he replied humbly.

"Now, I want you to grasp this idea that I'm going to dig into this old shell top and bottom; I'm going to blow it up with dynamite, if I please; and if I catch you spying on me or reporting my doings to my enemies, or engaging in any questionable performances whatever, I'll hang you between the posts out there in the school wall—do you understand?—so that the sweet Sisters of St. Agatha and the dear little school girls and the chaplain and all the rest will shudder through all their lives at the very thought of you."

"Certainly, Mr. Glenarm,"—and his tone was the same he would have used if I had asked him to pass me the matches, and under my breath I consigned him to the harshest tortures of the fiery pit.

"Now, as to Morgan—"

"Yes, sir."

"What possible business do you suppose he has with Mr. Pickering?" I demanded.

"Why, sir, that's clear enough. Mr. Pickering owns a house up the lake—he got it through your grandfather. Morgan has the care of it, sir."

"Very plausible, indeed!"—and I sent him off to his work.

After luncheon I went below and directly to the end of the corridor, and began to sound the walls. To the eye they were all alike, being of cement, and substantial enough. Through the area window I saw the solid earth and snow; surely there was little here to base hope upon, and my wonder grew at the ease with which Morgan had vanished through a barred window and into frozen ground.

The walls at the end of the passage were as solid as rock, and they responded dully to the stroke of the hammer. I sounded them on both sides, retracing my steps to the stairway, becming more and more impatient at my ill luck or stupidity. There was every reason why I should know my own house, and yet a stranger and an outlaw ran through it with amazing daring.

After an hour's idle search I returned to the end of the corridor, repeated all my previous soundings, and, I fear, indulged in language unbecoming a gentleman. Then, in my blind anger, I found what patient search had not disclosed.

I threw the hammer from me in a fit of temper; it struck upon a large square in the cement floor which gave forth a hollow sound. I was on my knees in an instant, my fingers searching the cracks, and then being down close I could feel a current of air, slight but unmistakable, against my face.

The cement square, though exactly like the others in the cellar floor, was evidently only a wooden imitation, covering an opening beneath.

The block was fitted into its place with a nicety that certified to the skill of the hand that had adjusted it. I broke a blade of my pocketknife trying to pry it up, but in a moment I succeeded, and found it to be in reality a trap door, hinged to the substantial part of the floor.

A current of cool fresh air, the same that had surprised me in the night, struck my face as I lay flat and peered into the opening. The lower passage was as black as pitch, and I lighted a lantern I had brought with me, found that wooden steps gave safe conduct below and went down.

I stood erect in the passage and had several inches to spare. It extended both ways, running back under the foundations of the house. This lower passage cut squarely under the park before the house and toward the school wall. No wonder my grandfather had brought foreign laborers who could speak no English to work on his house! There was something delightful in the largeness of his scheme, and I hurried questions tormenting my brain.

The air grew steadily fresher, until, after I had gone about two hundred yards, I reached a point where the wind seemed to beat down on me from above. I put up my hands and found two openings about two yards apart, through which the air sucked steadily. I moved out of the current with a chuckle in my throat and a grin on my face. I had passed under the gate in the school wall, and I knew now why the piers that held it had been built so high—they were hollow and were the means of sending fresh air into the tunnel.

I had traversed about twenty yards more when I felt a slight vibration accompanied by a muffled roar, and almost immediately came to a short wooden stair that marked the end of the passage. I had no means of judging directions, but I assumed I was somewhere near the chapel in the school grounds.

I climbed the steps, noting still the vibration, and found a door that yielded readily to pressure. In a moment I stood blinking, lantern in hand, in a well-lighted, floored room. Overhead the tumult and thunder of an organ explained the tremor and roar I had heard below. I was in the crypt of St. Agatha's chapel. The inside of the door by which I had entered was a part of the wainscoting of the room, and the opening was wholly covered with a map of the Holy Land.

In my absorption I had lost the sense of time, and I was amazed to find that it was five o'clock, but I resolved to go into the chapel before going home.

The way up was clear enough, and I was soon in the vestibule. I opened the door, expecting to find a service in progress, but the little church was empty save where, at the right of the chancel, an organist was filling the church with the notes of a triumphant march. Cap in hand I stole forward and sank down in one of the pews.

A lamp over the organ keyboard gave the only light in the chapel, and made an aureole about her head—about the uncovered head of Olivia Gladys Armstrong! I smiled as I recognized her and smiled, too, as I remembered her name. But the joy she brought to the music, the happiness in her face as she raised it in the minor harmonies, her isolation, marked by the little isle of light against the dark background of the choir—these things touched and moved me, watching and listening with a kind of awed wonder. Here was a refuge of peace and lulling harmony after the disturbed life at Glenarm, and I yielded myself to its solace with an inclination my life had rarely known.

There was no pause in the outpouring of the melody. She changed stops and manuals with swift fingers and passed from one composition to another; now it was an august hymn, now a theme from Wagner, and finally Mendelssohn's Spring Song leaped forth exultant in the dark chapel.

She ceased suddenly with a litle sigh and struck her hands together, for the place was cold. As she reached up to put out the lights I stepped forward to the chancel steps.

"Please allow me to do that for you?"

She turned toward me, gathering a cape about her.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she asked, looking about quickly. "I don't remember—I don't seem to remember—that you were invited."

"I didn't know I was coming myself," I remarked truthfully, lifting my hand to the lamp.

"That is my opinion of you — that you're a rather unexpected person. But thank you, very much."

She showed no disposition to prolong the interview, but hurried toward the door, and reached the vestibule before I came up with her.

"You can't go any further, Mr. Glenarm," she said, and waited as though to make sure I understood. Straight before us through the wood and beyond the school buildings the sunset faded sullenly. The night was following fast upon the gray twilight and already the bolder planets were aflame in the sky. The path led straight ahead beneath the black boughs.

"I might perhaps walk to the dormitory, or whatever you call it," I said.

"Thank you, no! I'm late and haven't time to bother with you. It's against the rules, you know, for us to receive visitors."

She stepped out into the path.

"But I'm not a caller. I'm just a neighbor. And I owe you several calls, anyhow."

She laughed, but did not pause, and I followed a pace behind her.

"I hope you don't think for a minute that I chased a rabbit on your side of the fence just to meet you; do you, Mr. Glenarm?"

"Be it far from me! I'm glad I came, though, for I liked your music immensely. I'm in earnest; I think it quite wonderful, Miss Armstrong."

She paid no heed to me.

"And I hope I may promise myself the pleasure of hearing you often."

"You are positively flattering, Mr. Glenarm; but as I'm going away—"

I felt my heart sink at the thought of her going away. She was the only amusing person I had met at Glenarm, and the idea of losing her gave a darker note to the bleak landscape.

"That's really too bad! And just when we were getting acquainted! And I was coming to church every Sunday to hear you play and to pray for snow, so you'd come over often to chase rabbits!"

This, I thought, softened her heart. At any rate her tone changed.

"I don't play for services; they're afraid to let me for fear I'd run comic opera tunes into the Te Deum!"

"How shocking!"

"Do you know, Mr. Glenarm,"—her tone became confidential and her pace slackened—"We call you the squire, at St. Agatha's, and the lord of the manor, and names like that! All the girls are perfectly crazy about you. They'd be wild if they thought I talked with you, clandestinely—is that the way you pronounce it?"

"Anything you say and any way you say it satisfies me," I replied.

"That's ever so nice of you," she said, mockingly again.

I felt foolish and guilty. She would probably get roundly scolded if the grave Sisters learned of her talks with me, and very likely I should win their hearty contempt. But I did not turn back.

"I hope the reason you're leaving isn't—" I hesitated.

"Ill conduct? Oh, yes; I'm terribly wicked, Squire Glenarm! They're sending me off."

"But I suppose they're awfully strict, the Sisters."

"They're hideous—perfectly hideous."

"Where is your home?" I demanded. "Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, perhaps?"

"Humph, you are dull! You ought to know from my accent that I'm not from Chicago. And I hope I haven't a Kentucky girl's air of waiting to be flattered to death. And no Indianapolis girl would talk to a strange man at the edge of a deep wood in the gray twilight of a winter day—that's from a book; and the Cincinnati girl is without my elan, esprit—whatever you please to call it. She has more Teutonic repose—more of Gretchen-of-the-Rhine-Valley about her. Don't you adore French, Squire Glenarm?" she concluded breathlessly, and with no pause in her quick step.

"I adore yours, Miss Armstrong," I asserted, yielding myself further to the joy of idiocy, and delighting in the mockery and changing moods of her talk. I did not make her out; indeed, I preferred not to! I was not then—and I am not now, thank God—of an analytical turn of mind. And as I grow older I prefer, even after many a blow, to take my fellow human beings a good deal as I find them. And as for women, old or young, I envy no man his gift of resolving them into elements. As well carry a spray of arbutus to the laboratory or subject the enchantment of moonlight upon running water to the flame and blow-pipe as try to analyze the heart of a girl—particularly a girl who paddles a sure stroke and puts up a good race with a rabbit.

A lamp shone ahead of us at the entrance of one of the houses, and lights appeared in all the buildings.

"If I knew your window I should certainly sing under it—except that you're going home! You didn't tell me why they were deporting you."

"I'm really ashamed to! You would never—"

"Oh, yes, I would; I'm really an old friend!" I insisted, feeling more like an idiot every minute.

"Well, don't tell! But they caught me flirting—with the grocery boy! Now aren't you disgusted?"

"Thoroughly! I can't believe it! Why, you'd a lot better flirt with me," I suggested boldly.

"Well, I'm to be sent away for good at Christmas. I may come back then if I square myself. My! That's slang—isn't it horrid?"

"The Sisters don't like slang, I suppose?"

"They loathe it! Miss Devereux—you know who she is!—she spies on us and tells."

"You don't say so; but I'm not surprised at her. I've heard about her!" I declared bitterly.

We had reached the door, and I expected her to fly; but she lingered a moment.

"Oh, if you know her! Perhaps you're a spy, too! It's just as well we should never meet again, Mr. Glenarm," she declared haughtily.

"The memory of these few meetings will always linger with me, Miss Armstrong," I returned in an imitation of her own tone.

"I shall scorn to remember you!"—and she folded her arms under the cloak tragically.

"Our meetings have been all too few, Miss Armstrong. Three, exactly, I believe!"

"I see you prefer to ignore the first time I ever saw you," she said, her hand on the door.

"Out there in your canoe? Never! And you've forgiven me for overhearing you and the chaplain on the wall—please!"

She grasped the knob of the door and paused an instant as though pondering.

"I make it four times, not counting once in the road and other times when you didn't know. Squire Glenarm! I'm a foolish little girl to have remembered the first. I see now how b-l-i-n-d I have been."

She opened and closed the door softly, and I heard her running up the steps within.

I ran back to the chapel, roundly abusing myself for having neglected my more serious affairs for a bit of silly talk with a school girl, fearful lest the openings I had left at both ends of the passage should have been discovered. The tunnel added a new and puzzling factor to the problem already before me, and I was eager for an opportunity to sit down in peace and comfort to study the situation.

At the chapel I narrowly escaped running into Stoddard, but I slipped past him, pulled the hidden door into place, traversed the tunnel without incident, and soon climbed through the hatchway and slammed the false block securely into the opening.

(To be oCntinued.)

OPEN PUBLICITY THE BEST GUARANTY OF MERIT.

When the maker of a medicine, sold through druggists for family use, takes his patients fully into his confidence by frankly and fearlessly publishing broadcast as well as on its bottle wrappers, a full list of all its ingredients *in plain English*, this action on his part is the best possible evidence that he is not afraid to have the search light of investigation turned full upon his formula and that it will bear the fullest scrutiny and the most thorough investigation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of the weaknesses, periodical pains and functional derangements of the organs distinctly feminine, is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for woman's special use, the maker of which is not afraid to take his patients into his full confidence by such open and honest publicity.

A glance at the published ingredients on each bottle wrapper, will show that it is made wholly from native, American, medicinal roots, that it contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs, no narcotics and no alcohol—pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol, both for extracting and preserving the active medicinal properties found in the roots of the American forest plants employed. It is the only medicine for women's pecular diseases, sold by druggists, that does not contain a large percentage of alcohol, which is in the long run so harmful to woman's delicate, nervous system. Now, glycerine is perfectly harmless, and serves a valuable purpose by possessing intrinsic value all its own, and besides it enhances the curative effect of the other ingredients entering into the "Favorite Prescription."

Some of the ablest medical writers and teachers endorse these views and praise all the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is composed—recommending them for the cure of the very same diseases for which this world-famed medicine is advised. No other medicine for women has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. If interested, send name and address to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his little book of extracts from the works of eminent medical writers and teachers, endorsing the several ingredients and telling just what Dr. Pierce's medicines are made of. It's *free* for the asking.

GETTING RID OF PIRATES

How a Band Was Quickly Disposed of in South China.

A reader who arrived at Hong Kong from Wuchow informs us that on Sunday, when he left Wuchow, there was a great clanging of gongs and blowing of whistles. The people were in a most excited state of mind and crowded the streets and housetops.

Inquiry as to this unusual state of affairs elicited the information that seventeen of the most notorious robbers of the district, men who had kept the inhabitants in terror for a long time, had paid the penalty of their misdeeds. It being impossible for the authorities to effect their arrest in the ordinary way, the taotai of the district enticed the robbers to his yamen by making an offer of a free pardon and other inducements to abandon their nefarious practices.

No fewer than seventeen of the ruffians swallowed the bait. Sixteen entered the yamen and were promptly surrounded by troops and made prisoners. One man escaped from the compound into the street and ran for dear life. Another—the seventeenth man—suspected a trap and took to his heels without entering the official residence. Meanwhile the troops were not handling the fifteen captives very gently. They were promptly disarmed and without much ado were stripped and cut into a thousand pieces.

The enraged populace were not long in securing the two runaways, and they met their end in the same manner in the streets. There was great rejoicing afterward, and it is hoped that this lesson will have a deterrent effect on others whose haunts may be in the neighborhood.—South China Post.

BEAN SOUP FOR TREES THE LATEST FERTILIZER

It has taken a Brooklyn woman to discover a new use for the bean, and tree culturists ought to sit up and take notice. According to this latest authority, bean soup will make the most good-for-nothing, scraggly tree send forth new shoots and assume the most effective upright air, in distinct contrast to the dejected attitude that is characteristic of ill-nourished, backward trees.

The discoverer of the bean cure is not selfish. She thinks the world at large—at least the Brooklyn world—should know of her discovery, so she has communicated it to the proper authorities, and it is not her fault if everyone interested does not learn of it.

Incidentally, in her talk with the borough official she considered was the proper one to approach, she divulged the fact that she had tried the bean soup on a starving cat before presenting it to the starving trees lining the street in front of her home.

"You know," she said to the official, in a tone audible in the next room, "that cats are not like humans. They will not take what they do not like, even if they have to starve. Now, humans will eat bootleg if necessary. But think a cat would be so regardless of its likings! No, sir-ree. This half-starved Tommy that I was looking after wouldn't sniff at this big panful of bean soup that I offered to him. He just gazed at it with big, mournful blue eyes, and walked off. So I was left with no alternative to do with it. Then I thought that as beans are so nutritious and stimulating—Boston, you know, eats thousands of dollars' worth every year—I would see what would happen if I fed the soup to the wretched-looking trees in front of our house. The result was astonishing. I never saw such a metamorphosis. They have perked right up and are getting along splendidly. Then I thought the city ought to know about my experiment, and I came right down here to tell you about it. Wasn't that the proper thing to do?"

"It certainly was, madam," replied the official, "and we will look into the matter. Very much obliged for calling us" (making notes on a pad), and he looked up with his good-bye smile, after which the woman was politely escorted out by the office boy. When she was beyond hearing the official was heard muttering something that sounded like:

"Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold, bean porridge in the pot nine days old. Some like it hot, some like it cold, Some like it in the pot nine days old."

THE JUMPING BEAN.

Did you ever see a jumping bean? It is a little brown thing, about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and looks like a section of a hazelnut, being rounded on one side, and flat on the other two sides. There is nothing remarkable in its appearance, but lay it on the table, and it will soon begin to move around, sometimes gently, and sometimes with quick, energetic little jumps, as if it were inhabited by a restless spirit.

And so, indeed, it is inhabited, for it contains the larva of a moth called the carpocapsa saltitans, and it is the movements of this larva that make the bean jump. The bean is the seed of a Mexican plant of the euphorbia kind, and the larva occupies it as a home and a feeding place until it is ready to emerge as a moth.

It is hardly worth while to explain the presence of the larva in the seed by saying that the mother-moth lays the egg in the fruit so that the larva may have a ready-made larder for its support until it comes out into the world to struggle for itself. It is just like the worm in the chestnut.

The Quick Delivery.

"There goes a man," observed a steamship agent as he directed attention to a surly-looking individual who had just engaged passage for Europe, "whose efforts are devoted to constructing short cuts in business methods and in eliminating all time-consuming men and their propositions from his busy existence. He is a man of very few words.

"Some years ago this gentleman crossed the ocean and had a very unpleasant trip. One morning a sympathetic passenger offered him a lemon, expressing a sincere wish that it would give relief.

"The pale traveler seized the lemon, hurled it viciously into the ocean, and growled:

"'This is a quicker way than the other.'"

Cancer Cured by Anointing with Oil.

A combination of soothing and balmy oils has been discovered which readily cure all forms of cancer and tumor. It is safe and sure and may be used at home without pain or disfigurement. Readers should write for free book to the originators, whose home office address is Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 368 F, Indianapolis, Ind.

MADE A FORTUNE FROM A WRECK

Million Dollar Profit for the Purchaser of the Australia.

A fortune was acquired by the purchase of the P. & O. steamer Australia, which cost £550,000 to build and went ashore at the entrance of Port Philip Bay, a short distance from Melbourne. The vessel itself was subsequently put up at auction and, as the South China Morning Post tells the story, was purchasedby a Melbourne draper, now the Hon. J. G. Aikman, for the modest sum of £290. The cargo left by the underwriters on the wreck was also knocked down to him for a further £60.

After much trouble Mr. Aikman succeeded in getting divers to work on the wrecked liner, and before long he had the pleasure of seeing the decks filled with cargo. All classes of goods were represented, including drapery, hardware, electro-plated ware, enamel ware, and band instruments.

Ten tons of Muntz metal, taken out of the vessel in less than a day, realized £750. Nine hundred tons of bar iron, bar steel, tool steel and shear steel were recovered from the wreck and were sold at an average rate of £10 a ton. Mr. Aikman also got 740 tons of galvanized iron and forty tons of steel during the first operations. During the second operations on the Australia, a little later, 219 tons of brass, copper and gun metal were recovered, and 1,950 tons of scrap cast iron were obtained from the engine and other castings on board. Five tandem and four Tangye engines and a large quantity of pig iron were also got from the wreck. The four propeller blades, which consisted either of phosphor or manganese bronze, and which weighed fourteen tons altogether, were taken from the steamer, and realized £1,000 as old metal. It is estimated that Mr. Aikman's profits from the wreck approach £200,000.

HOW COFFEE GROWS

Plant, Once Wild, Now Always in Cultivation.

There are few sights more beautiful than a well-conducted coffee plantation in full bloom. Neither the blush of the apple blossom, the snowy plum nor the pink of the peach can compare with the exquisite beauty of the coffee tree, where nature has excelled herself in conbining those rare qualities which delight the eye and tickle the palate. There are two cultivated varieties of the coffee tree, the Arabian and the Liberian. The Arabian coffee tree is supposed to have originally been a native of Abyssinia and is now cultivated in all the important coffee-producing countries.

Coffee grows wild in Asia and Africa and attains a height of 20 to 30 feet, but in cultivation is never allowed to grow higher than six or eight feet for convenience in picking the berries.

It was brought to America about 175 years ago from the Dutch East Indies. Brazil produces two-thirds of the world's coffee. The plantations are sometimes miles in extent, and generally on hilly ground with a red soil. The leaves are ever green and resemble the laurel, except darker in shade. The flowers or blossoms are of the purest white. They bloom so suddenly that in the morning the trees look as if snow had fallen during the night. The blossoms last but a single day, being succeeded by little green immature fruit; later on the fruit, or berries, resemble dark crimson cherries in size and color and grow thickly clustered along the branches.

The berries contain two seeds or beans, each covered first by a thin membrane (the "silver-skin"), then by a thick tough skin the "parchment" or "cascara," and the whole inclosed in a pulp, which holds the two beans with their flat sides together. Some berries growing on the same plant contain but one bean, which is round instead of flat.

The picking commences in Brazil in April or May and continues until November.

A good tree will produce about seven pounds annually.

A coffee tree commences to bear when about three or four years old and continues sometimes thirty or forty years.

The coffee berries are picked into baskets, which the pickers carry on their backs.

Hundreds of men, women and children are employed in picking the berries and are paid by the bushel.

After the picking the pulp must be removed, the beans must be washed and all sticky substance removed, then dried. The soil in the beds is prepared in the open air and is drawn in wagons to the place where it is used. Attempts have been made to raise mushrooms in iron and coal mines, but without success.

A small garden, similar to that near Grand Rapids, is cultivated in an old gypsum mine at Akron, N. Y., and these two are probably the only places in the world where abandoned mines are successfully utilized for the purpose.—Philadelphia Record.

Keep the Hogs Clean.

To give the pigs a thorough scrubbing may appear to be labor thrown away, but if two lots of hogs are treated alike in every respect, except that one lot receives a thorough scrubbing with soapsuds once in a while, the marked difference in favor of the hogs that are washed when the time for slaughter arrives. A clean bed of straw, with a dry house, so as to afford them comfort at night, will also promote thrift and growth. The hog is naturally a cleanly animal and enjoys a bath. If considered a filthy animal that devours filthy food, it is because of the treatment given. Hogs will select clean and wholesome food if given the opportunity to do so.

Canada's Big Crops.

The official Canadian spring wheat crop report forwarded by Consul J. H. Worman, of Three Rivers, shows the wheat acreage increased by 500,000 over last year's record. This raises Manitoba over the 3,000,000 mark for that cereal alone.

DUBIOUS

About What Her Husband Would Say.

A Michigan woman tried Postum Food Coffee because ordinary coffee disagreed with her and her husband. She writes:

"My husband was sick for three years with catarrh of the bladder, and palpitation of the heart, caused by coffee. Was unable to work at all and in bed part of the time.

"I had stomach trouble, was weak and fretful so I could not attend to my housework—both of us using coffee all the time and not realizing it was harmful.

"One morning the grocer's wife said she believed coffee was the cause of our trouble and advised Postum. I took it home rather dubious about what my husband would say—he was fond of coffee.

"But I took coffee right off the table and we haven't used a cup of it since. You should have seen the change in us and now my husband never complains of heart palpitation any more. My stomach trouble went away in two weeks after I began Postum. My children love it and it does them good, which can't be said of coffee.

"A lady visited us who was always half sick. I told her I'd make her a cup of Postum. She said it was tasteless stuff, but she watched me make it, boiling it thoroughly for 15 minutes, and when done she said it was splendid. Long boiling brings out the flavor and food quality." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

TO CLEAN JEWELS.

A sharp-pointed implement should never be employed to clean rings, as it loosens the stones. Soak them in liquid ammonia and the dirt will be loosened. Afterward they should be polished with a soft cloth. It is a good plan to keep rings in sawdust, as it enables the gems to retain their brilliancy. Warm water and a little prepared chalk are all that are required to clean plain or chased rings, says the Chicago News.

Toilet articles, vinaigrettes and other small trinkets may be easily brightened without the use of powder by placing them in an aluminum receptacle and pouring boiling water over them. Polishing should be done by means of a piece of clean chamois leather, but in adopting this treatment it must be remembered that the silver should never be allowed to become tarnished.

History.

"Who can tell me where Columbus landed?" asked the teacher when she had finished reading a little story in history.

"In first place last season," answered the red-headed boy who knew something about the American association.—Cleveland Press.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answers.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible:

I would like to learn how to raise potatoes from seed. When I dug my potatoes I pulled off the little seed balls hanging to the vines. Should I let them ripen on the vines? Will someone please tell the right time to plant seed, and how to care for same? I understand a new variety will grow from seed. Would like to have somebody explain as fully as possible.—M., Fredericktown, O.

I have a cow that will not "give down" her milk. Would like to have some Farmstead reader tell me what to do.—O., Bloomingdale, Mich.

Would like to have a recipe for making blackberry and grape wine.—S., W. Va.

Will someone give me the best method of raising onions? When to plant, what variety is the best producer, whether to hill or not. I want to raise a carload. How much seed per acre?—H., Fremont, Ind.

I would like to procure some fall barley for sowing this fall. The crop has never been tried in this locality and I would like to experiment with it. Will somebody kindly give me information?—M., Dix, Ill.

How can I kill flags, the cattail flags we used for arrows when boys? Are thick in a depression where water has stood for two or three seasons.—D., Lakeview, Mich.

Mixed Pickles.

I saw in Farmstead a request for a method of making mixed pickles. Here is my way: Two hundred very small pickles, 50 very small white onions, two large heads of cauliflower, one head of cabbage, one pint of carrots, one-half pound of mustard seed, one-half pint of horseradish, two ounces of celery seed, one-fourth teacup of ground pepper, one-fourth teacup of cinnamon, one-fourth teacup of tumerrick powder; chop cauliflower, horseradish, carrots and cabbage fine, mix in cucumbers and onions; let stand in salt water over night; drain and let stand two days in weak vinegar, then drain again, mix spices with one gallon of vinegar and two pounds of sugar and pour over boiling hot, four mornings in succession; then add scant one-half pint of olive oil and one-half cup of dry mustard the last day it is scalded, and put into a crock.—Mrs. B., Meadville.

Cucumber Pickles.

Editor Farmstead: Here is my recipe for putting down cucumber pickles in keg or crock: For four-gallon vessel take 3 quarts of water, 1 quart vinegar, 1 quart salt and 4 ounces alum; cover well with grape leaves; pickles will be as green as those in the garden. Can be kept the year round.—H.

Gapes in Chickens.

The gapes is a disease of the throat and windpipe of young chicks, caused by a parasite or small worm. It causes the chick to be continually gaping, as if it was choking or short of breath, hence the name gapes. The best remedy is to take a feather, dip it in coal oil or turpentine, push it down the chick's throat, giving it a twist or two, which dislodges the worms, causing them to come out with the feather. Where gapes is prevalent, it is well to change the location of the poultry yard, as the parasites seem to like some soils better than others. Certain neighborhoods are much more affected with it than others. If you have too many chicks affected with gapes to treat each one as above, try a few drops of oil of sassafras in their feed or drinking water. —O.

Remedy for Roup.

The fowls should be placed in a dry, warm and well ventilated house, and have plenty of fresh water and scalded bran or other light food. Take of finely pulverized, fresh-burnt charcoal and of new yeast each three parts, of pulverized two parts, of flour one and one-half as much pulverized cayenne as flour. Water enough to mix well, and roll into balls or pills the size of a hazlenut; give one three times a day.

Mushrooms in Mine.

Seventeen acres of garden, 300 feet below the surface of the earth, is a most unusual sight, but one which, according to an official of the department of agriculture can be seen in an abandoned gallery of one of the great gypsum mines near Grand Rapids, Mich.

Some years ago an assistant superintendent of the abandoned mines transformed it into a profitable subterranean mushroom garden.

It is well known that mushrooms grow most freely in the dark. Consequently arches and tunnels for their culture are constructed in many parts of the world.

The idea of the originator of this unique garden were discouraging, but after some years' work and the expenditure of considerable time and money, he managed to put his odd garden on a paying basis.

He is able to place several hundred pounds of plants on the market each week, and readily secures 40 cents a pound for the whole crop.

There are seventeen acres of area in the abandoned galleries, and the owner is able to cultivate nearly the whole space, as the soil in the beds is prepared in the open air and is drawn in wagons to the place where it is used. Attempts have been made to raise mushrooms in iron and coal mines, but without success.

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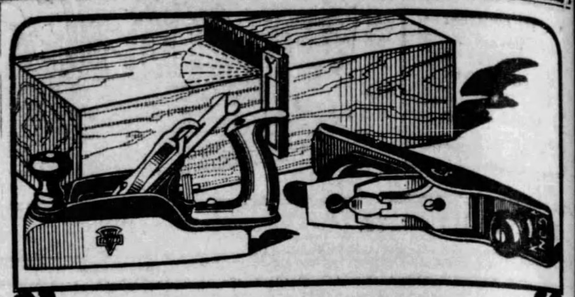

True Tools

You can't square up a block with a lop-sided plane—saw straight with a buckled saw or bore a clean hole with worn-out bit. To do a good job you must have good tools. That's the reason men who have used and studied tools a lifetime insist on having

KEEN KUTTER

QUALITY TOOLS

They show their excellence not only in actual use, but at *first glance*—the "hang," balance, finish and careful adjustment being apparent. Keen Kutter Tools include not only Carpenter Tools but a full line of Farm and Garden Tools—Forks, Hoes, Shovels, Garden-trowels, Grass-shears, Rakes, Manure-hooks Pruning-knives. To get the best tool of its kind simply ask for a Keen Kutter. For 37 years Keen Kutter Tools have been sold under this mark and motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered.

KEEN KUTTER

Tool Book Mailed Free

If not at your dealers, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

The land sown to oats is 1,155,961 acres, an increase of 124,722, while the barley acreage has nearly reached 500,000, being, in fact, 474,242. The total increase in the grain acreage over last year is 656,336. The other crops also show an increased acreage.

Cause of Bitter Milk.

Bitter milk is one of the most annoying ills with which a dairyman can be afflicted. Bitterness sometimes develops in the best kept dairies, while in others, no matter how careful they will be found sufficient of the yeast to carry an infection. It is, therefore, necessary to thoroughly clean, scald and scrape the seams of every vessel in which milk has been kept, then carefully whitewash the milkhouse, cellar or pantry, and should prevent further development in the house. The same with a sweep down the wains and ceiling of the stables, and give all the in

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor to tell where any person or firm can buy anything or sell anything for you in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics — no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

New Mexico.

Editor Question Bureau:—Will you please tell what kind of country New Mexico is—soil, climate, vegetation, schools, churches, etc.? What part is best adapted to persons afflicted with lung or catarrhal diseases?—H. P., Colomo, Mich.

New Mexico occupies a lofty plateau, which reaches its greatest elevation in the north and west and slopes to the south and southeast, where lies the western part of the Llano Estacado, or staked plain, no part of the plateau being less than 3,000 feet above sea level. The altitude of Santa Fe, in the north, is 6,998 feet, that of Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, near the middle of the territory, 5,026 feet. From the vast tableland, both east and west of the Rio Grande, rise numerous sierras and more or less isolated peaks belonging to the Rocky mountain system. The climate of New Mexico is very dry and healthful, and the territory is celebrated as a resort for those afflicted with pulmonary troubles. Although the summer temperature is sometimes high, especially in the southern part, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the heat is never oppressive and the nights are always cool.

In many of the valleys and mountain ranges of the territory are nutritious grasses—at least fourteen varieties—affording abundant food for flocks and herds. Bear, deer, mountain lions, wildcats and antelope elk are found in the mountains, and rabbits, hares, coyotes and prairie dogs are common on the plains. The valley lands are fertile, but as the territory lies within the arid region, agriculture is conducted largely through irrigation, the irrigated farms forming 74.1 per cent. Several of the mountain ranges, particularly those of the north and in Lincoln and western Socorro, Grant and McKinley counties, are covered with timber, the most valuable being pine, although oak, juniper, cedar, birch, maple and other trees are common. Along all the watercourses cottonwoods are abundant, and occasionally willows and sycamores are found. Yucco, the roots of which are used as a substitute for soap, is everywhere abundant. The mineral resources of New Mexico are very important; much gold, silver, copper and lead are mined, and many coal mines are in operation.

The number of public schools in New Mexico in 1903 was 655, with 767 teachers. The expenditure for these schools was $87,545, and the value of school property $80,677, exclusive of land grants. The territory maintains the university of New Mexico at Albuquerque, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Las Cruces, a normal university at Las Vegas, a normal school at Silver City, a school of mines at Socorro, and a military institute at Roswell. The government supports Indian training schools at Santa Fe and Albuquerque, with 300 pupils each, also two boarding schools with 174 pupils and 19 day schools with about 600 pupils. The population consists largely of Roman Catholics. The Baptists have 36 churches, a college and several mission schools; the Methodists, 17 English-speaking and a number of Spanish-speaking congregations, together with a number of mission schools; the Presbyterians, 45 congregations, 30 preaching stations, 25 mission schools with 45 teachers and 1,562 pupils; the Mormons, 2 churches with 277 members. Other Protestant denominations have about 20 congregations, and the Hebrews 5 organizations and 2 synagogues.

Republicans Control.

Editor Question Bureau: Is it true that the Republican party went into power in 1897 and has been in control of the government ever since? Some people are contending that the Democratic party controls one branch of congress. Do the Republicans now control both branches? If so, by what majority?—P. E. M., Union, S. C.

The Republican party has been in full control of the national government since March 4, 1897. Owing to the failure of the Democrats to unite to manage the affairs of the government, the party was given a crushing defeat in the congressional elections of the fall of 1904, and the fifty-fourth congress, which convened in December, 1895, was composed of 53 Democrats, 44 Republicans, and 6 Alliance senators and 104 Democrats, 245 Republicans, 1 Silverite, and 7 Populists in the house. At this time, however, Grover Cleveland still occupied the presidential chair. In the fifty-fifth congress the Republican majority in both branches was increased, and there has since been a steady increase in Republican membership. The political division of the present congress, the fifty-ninth, is as follows: Senate, 58 Republicans, 32 Democrats; house, 250 Republicans, 136 Democrats. There is a probability that the coming fall elections will effect some change in the party division of the sixtieth congress inasmuch as the present large Republican majority was due in some cases to the overwhelming popularity of Roosevelt in the election of 1904.

The Indians Again.

Editor Question Bureau: I would like to know something about the origin of the Indians. Are they supposed to be descendants of the twelve tribes of Israel or from people of earlier times? And how were they supposed to find their way to this country? In what part of the world are their ancestors supposed to have lived?—L. A. H., Delphos, O.

This question has been often asked the Bureau, but there is nothing definite to say in the way of answer. The origin of the Indian race is a matter of supposition. Indian is the name erroneously given to the aborigines of North and South America. It was at first applied to the Red Man by the Spanish, at the time of the discovery of America, under the mistaken idea that they had landed on the southern coast of India. A number of learned men who have studied the question of origin consider the Indians as a distinct variety of the human race, one as indigenous to the continent as its fauna and flora; while other ethnologists regard them as a branch of the great Mongolian family, which, at a remote period of the world's history, found its way from Asia to the American continent, and there remained for thousands of years separate from the rest of mankind, passing meantime through various alternations of barbarism and civilization. The supposition that Indians are descendants of the twelve tribes of Israel is of Mormon origin, and is scarcely worthy of credence.

Denatured Alcohol.

Editor Question Bureau: How long shall we have to wait until something is known definitely concerning the successful use of denatured alcohol? If it is to be a good thing the public will soon desire to learn something about its use. What is denatured alcohol?—S. K., Limrock, Ala.

The Question Bureau has received a number of inquiries similar to the above, but none of them exhibited such manifest impatience on the part of the writer. It is doubtless well understood that the high tariff has heretofore prevented the use of alcohol for industrial purposes. It was to remedy this condition that the denatured alcohol bill was passed by congress during its last session. When this bill goes into effect alcohol will be available for household uses, such as heating and lighting, etc., and may come largely into competition with gasoline. Denatured alcohol is alcohol mixed with some chemicals, as wood alcohol, which prevents its being used as a spirituous liquor, for medical purposes, etc. The government is now having investigations made to determine the cost to use alcohol. It has been said that because of the low cost at which alcohol can be manufactured it will supplant gasoline. This, however, is to be determined by the investigations.

Professor Charles E. Lucke, who is conducting at Columbia university, New York, a series of experiments for the department of commerce and labor, says: "There is no probability that alcohol will drive out gasoline. Alcohol will find its proper field just as every other fuel energy has. From the present outlook it seems as though gasoline will continue to be the most serviceable fuel for automobiles. To make alcohol a commercial and economic possibility for automobiles it must sell for just about half the price of its equivalent in gasoline, as practically twice the amount of alcohol must be carried to do the work. Experiments in automobile use are yet in their first stages, and mechanical improvements may be devised which will lessen some of the difficulties. Gasoline contains 20,850 heats units, against 14,635 for alcohol. No one knows what the cost of denatured alcohol will be. According to the statistics it should be made and sold at a fair profit at from 18 to 25 cents a gallon, perhaps less. Wherever it may be manufactured it will still be under government supervision, and when released from bond the revenue officers will see that it is properly denatured."

In speaking of the benefit to the farmers in the removal of the tax from denatured alcohol, Nahum Batchelder, master of the National Grange of the Patrons of Industry, made the following statement before the committee of ways and means previous to the passage of the bill:

"For lighting, motor fuel, and household purposes alone there should be a demand for at least 100,000,000 gallons of alcohol in the near future, and with the steady increase in the use of the farm engine and the alcohol lamp the quantity used for these purposes would soon greatly exceed this great amount. This would mean a very large additional domestic market for corn, potatoes, sorghum, beet sugar, molasses, and other farm products from which alcohol can be distilled, with consequent direct benefits to the agricultural interests of the country. As alcohol will keep for an indefinite time, large stocks of it could be distilled in years of abundant crops, and thus serve as a sort of balance wheel to maintain an equilibrium in the price of the materials used."

Wood alcohol is prepared chiefly by distillation of wood, hence its name. It may be used in varnishes or for fuel, or any other purpose for which grain alcohol is used, except as a beverage. The two kinds of alcohol have the same physical properties, but are chemically quite different, so that to use an ordinary drink of wood alcohol is pretty certain to kill the drinker. For purposes for which it can be safely used wood alcohol is much cheaper than grain alcohol.

Robert Morris.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of Robert Morris. Tell where he was born, where he was educated, his profession in life. Was he very wealthy?—B. M., ranther, W. Va.

Robert Morris was a financier and statesman, a signer of the declaration of independence. He was born in Liverpool, England, January 31, 1734; died in Philadelphia, May 8, 1806. He came to the colonies about 1747 and entered at Philadelphia the counting room of Charles Willing, a merchant. In 1754 he formed a partnership with Thomas Willing, which was maintained until 1793. He acquired a considerable fortune for America of that time. Despite his strong English loyalty he opposed the stamp act and signed the nonimportation agreement of 1765. In October, 1775, he was elected to the provincial assembly, and in 1776-8 was a member of the continental congress. July 2, 1776, he voted against the declaration of independence, and on July 4 he absented himself, but on August 2 he was one of the signers. When hostilities began his services became of increasing value. When congress fled from Philadelphia to Baltimore, December 12, 1776, Morris was left in charge of its affairs, and when it reassembled at Baltimore, December 20, he was made, with George Clymer of Pennsylvania, and George Walton of Georgia, a committee for the management of continental business. Morris did all that was done. Most of the business of the colonies during December and January was transacted by him; he prepared American ships for sea, assumed charge of incoming treasure, and supplied Washington with money. In 1781 he was elected superintendent of finance. He found the treasury in a disordered state; presented to congress a plan for the organization of the Bank of North America, and himself subscribed for $39,250 worth of shares. The bank was incorporated in January. Morris was a member of the Pennsylvania assembly for a number of years, and in 1787 was a member of the convention that framed the United States constitution. He declined the secretaryship of the treasury, and was United States senator from Pennsylvania in 1789-95. With James Greenleaf and against Washington's advice he entered land speculation, purchasing the view of Washington 6,000 lots at $80 each, and agreeing to build yearly 20 brick houses. He was compelled to make an assignment, and was imprisoned for debt at Philadelphia from February 19, 1798, to August 26, 1801. Thus it was that the man whose financial genius had been a great aid to the struggling colonies during the revolution, died poor.

Total Solar Eclipses.

Editor Question Bureau: I wish you would inform me through the Bureau if there have been any total eclipses of the sun since August 7, 1869. Were there any in the 80's?—E. J. P., Hannibal, Mo.

There have been a number of total eclipses of the sun since that of the date above mentioned, and not a few have occurred in the 80's; but of course it is understood that a very small per cent were observable in the United States. The total eclipse of January 1, 1899, was visible in a path that lay across California and Nevada, and was successfully observed by many American astronomers. Again, the total solar eclipse of May 28, 1900, was famous for its long course through Texas diagonally to Virginia, and finally threading its way across Spain.

Froebel.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you give me a sketch of the life of Froebel, and tell of his work along educational lines? I had a question regarding him in a recent teachers' examination, and I had never heard of him before.—S. G., Storm Lake, Ia.

Friedrich Froebel was the founder of the kindergarten system; was a devoted German educationist on the principles of Pestalozzi, which combined physical, moral and intellectual training, commencing with the years of childhood. He was born in 1782 and died in 1852. We have not space in these columns for all that should be said of this great man. His life was almost exclusively devoted to educational work. When 24 years old he took five of his nephews as pupils and entered upon his work of the future, the first step of which was the carrying out of his plan for a "Universal Educational Institute." He was without money, but slept in a barn on straw, and straw while arranging for his first school at Griesheim. The school at Keilhau, to which he soon removed, the institutions later established in Wartensee and Willisau, an orphanage in Burgdorf, all were successful from an educational point of view, but were never a source of profit to their head and founder. The kindergarten was the discovery of Froebel's old age. The first one was opened in 1837 at Blankenburg, and in 1850 the institution at Marienthal for the training of kindergartners was founded, Froebel remaining at its head until death two years later.

Lee's Route to Gettysburg.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us the route Lee's army took in going to Gettysburg? Where and how did it cross the Potomac?—J. W. G., Cadillac, Mich.

The Potomac was crossed at Williamsport, we believe, from which place the army proceeded to Hagerstown; thence to Chambersburg; from there on through Carlisle, to within a few miles of Harrisburg. Accounts do not agree as to how the Potomac was crossed; some say pondoon bridges were used, others that the stream was forded.

The Author of "Linger."

Editor Question Bureau: I hope it is not too late to reply to C. B.'s question of some months ago, in regard to the author of the song entitled "Linger." The words of the song were written by Mrs. Susan Moncravie, of Irving, Ill. and I have the privilege of knowing something of her life. She was born in Philadelphia, but I do not remember the exact year; maiden name was Whisner, and she was of Quaker stock. She married in Philadelphia and reared a family there and, as I learn, left that city for the west during the war of the rebellion. After having lived in different places, settled in Irving, where she was left a widow in poor circumstances. Mrs. Moncravie has composed several pieces, but "Linger" is the only one set to music and published, such being done when she was nearly 80 years of age. Those who know of Mrs. Moncravie, say she is connected with some of the best and wealthiest families in Philadelphia, but I learn that she is penniless, or nearly so. She was living in 1904, and I have not heard of her death.—Miss C. B., Gifford Station, Wis.

The Salvation Army.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give a brief history of the Salvation Army.—W. S. E., Orrville, O.

The Salvation Army was first started in July, 1865, in the east end of London as the Christian Mission. Thirteen years later, at Christmas, 1878, it received the name of The Salvation Army. Since then it has had a phenomenal growth throughout the world. General William Booth, its father and founder, was born in Nottingham, England, April 10, 1829. In 1852 he entered the ministry of the Methodist church and became a powerful evangelist, who attracted immense crowds. Finding that the churchless masses could not be reached by ordinary methods, he resigned his pastorate and established the Christian Mission. In this work he was assisted by his wife, Catharine Booth, who was familiarly known as the mother of the Salvation Army. She was born in 1829, and died October 4 , 1890. She was regarded by many as the most eloquent and powerful woman speaker of the century. The absolute equality of women as leaders, officeholders and preachers became one of the cardinal principles of the Army platform. As a temperance movement, the Army has done a valuable work. It has been estimated that the Salvation Army has been the means of converting hundreds of thousands of confirmed drunkards. Total abstinence is a condition of membership in the organization. The headquarters of the Army are in London. Its operations are carried on in 49 countries and colonies, embracing 7,582 posts, under the charge of 16,020 officers and employees. 16,000 brass bandsmen and about 50,000 musicians. Fifty-eight periodicals are published in 24 languages, with a weekly circulation of about 1,050,000. There are 668 social relief institutions in the world, under the charge of nearly 3,000 officers and employees. About 7,000 fallen women annually pass through the 113 rescue homes, and from 80 to 90 per cent of these are permanently restored to lives of virtue. About 1,500 ex-convicts pass annually through the prison gate homes. There are 42 slum stations in the poorest districts of great cities, the worst dives, saloons and tenements being regularly visited. The number of annual conversions in connection with the spiritual work have averaged from 200,000 to 250,000 during the past ten years, making a total of over 2,000,000, of whom not less than 200,000 were converted from lives of drunkenness.

The Army's American social relief institutions for the poor are greater in number than in any other country and now include 81 workingmen's hotels, 6 hotels for women, 15 food depots, 32 industrial homes for the unemployed, 22 second-hand stores, 5 labor bureaus, 3 farm colonies, with nearly 3,000 acres of land and about 400 men, women and children as colonists, 21 rescue homes for fallen women, taking care of 2,000 girls annually. At Christmas and Thanks giving 300,000 free dinners are given to the poor. The real estate held by the Army in the United States now amounts to about $1,500,000, its personal property to over $400,000 and its annual trade turn-over to more than $200,000. The Salvation Army is incorporated in the state of New York. For the development of its trade a special corporation has been formed, named the Reliance Trading company; while the Salvation Industrial Homes company has been incorporated for the extension of its rapidly advancing industrial homes for the unemployed.

The Dunkards.

Editor Question Bureau. What do you know of the Dunkards? Where did they originate? Please tell me all you can of them.—A. B. E., Hare, N. C.

The Dunkards are a sect of German-American Baptists, founded in Westphalia, 1708, by Alexander Mack. Persecution at home drove them to this country. Their doctrines are similar to those of the Mennonites, and they derive their name from their mode of baptizing by immersion. They reject infant baptism, use great plainness of dress or language, refuse to take oaths or fight, and anoit the sick with oil in order to effect their recovery, rejecting the use of medicine. Every brother is allowed to speak in the congregation, and their best speaker is usually their minister, ordaining him by the laying on of hands, attended with fasting and prayer. They also have deacons and aged women for deaconesses. From among the teachers who have been tried they choose bishops. An elder among them is, in general, the first or oldest chosen teacher in a congregation which has no bishop. Their annual meeting, which is held about Whitsuntide, is attended by the bishops, teachers and other representatives. The important cases brought before these meetings are, in general, decided by a committee of five of the oldest bishops. They will not go to law, and until lately the taking of interest on money was not allowed among them. They celebrate the Lord's Supper, with its accompanying usages of love feasts, the washing of feet, the kiss of charity, and the right hand of fellowship. They believe in general redemption, though it is with them not an article of faith; but they deny they are universalists. The Dunkards of this country may be found in almost every state in the union, especially Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana. In 1300 they reported 2,998 ministers, 1,129 churches, and 111,481 communicants.

Meaning of Friar.

Editor Question Bureau. Will you please tell us all that you can about friars?—A. A., Hillsdale, Pa.

The word "friar" is from the French "frere," Latin "frater," signifying brother. The name is common to the male members of any religious order. The term, however, is more exclusively applied to those of the mendicant orders.

Government Whitewash.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please tell what is best to mix with lime to make whitewash.—W. M. M., Centerville, Miss.

Perhaps the best recipe for making whitewash is that used by the government. It has often been given in The Blade, bupt here it is again, as given by a government official:

Take a half bushel of unslaked lime; slake it with boiling water, cover during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer. Add to this a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of grain rice that has previously been boiled to a thin paste. This should be stirred in while hot. Add one-half pound of pearl ash; whiting and one pound of clean glue. The glue should have been previously dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hanging over a slow fire by placing the glue and cold water in a glue pot and setting that in a pot of cold water and heating this till the water in the pot comes to a boil. After the mixture is made add five gallons of hot water, stir well, and let stand a few days. When ready to apply it should be allowed to heat over a slow fire. The application to the surface desired should be made when the whitewash is hot.

The government official goes on to say that this mixture is sometimes used as a paint for the lighthouses, and at one time was used to cover portions of the White House. A pint will cover a square yard. Any color can be made by adding the different colorings. For a rich cream color add yellow ochre instead of the Spanish whiting, for lead add lamp black, for a common stone color add four pounds lamp black.

Victor Hugo.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please tell us about Victor Hugo? How did he obtain the title of viscount? Where was he during the Franco-Prussian war? Please say as much about him as you can.—F. W. C., Hansonville, Va.

Victor Marie Hugo was a French poet and novelist. He was born in Besancon in 1802. His father was a general of more or less note in the Napoleonic wars. Some years of the poet's childhood were passed in Spain, where his father held an important command, and some in Italy. His early education was superintended by his mother. While a mere boy Hugo showed a precocious talent for poetry, and he began serious literary work at the age of 17. His first volume of poetry, which appeared in 1822, was received with much favor, and the collection secured for him a pension from the king. He doubled the amount sufficient to justify him in getting married, and other volumes followed in rapid succession. In 1841 Hugo was elected a member of the Academy, and four years later he became a peer of France with the title of viscount. In 1848 he served as a deputy from Paris, his sympathies being ardently republican. The empire and the hostility of Napoleon drove him into years of exile, spent first in Brussels, then in Jersey, and finally in Guernsey. During this period began the bitter attack on Napoleon III. The long romance of Les Miserables was also written at the time and published in 1862. This is regarded as his greatest single work. With the fall of Napoleon, Hugo's exile came to an end, and he returned to France and was elected to the National Assembly. He resigned his seat, however, not long after his election, and again spent some time in Brussels. On his return to France in 1876 he was elected senator for life. His later years were spent quietly in Paris. His eightieth birthday was celebrated all over the world. His death occurred three years later, May 22, 1885, and his body was laid to rest in the Pantheon with great pomp and ceremony.

In England and America Hugo is undoubtedly better known as a writer of fiction than of verse. The explanation of this is found in the fact that his prose is susceptible of adequate translation, while his poetry, like most French poetry, is not.

Pedro Alvarez Cabrel.

Editor Question Bureau: Give a biography of Cabral, the navigator.—E. S., Campbellsville, Ky.

Pedro Alvarez Cabral, or Cabrera, the Portuguese navigator, was born about 1460, and died about 1526. In 1500 he received command of a ship bound for the East Indies, and sailed from Lisbon, but having taken a course too far to the west he was carried by the South American current to the coast of Brazil, of which he took possession about April 24, 1500, in the name of Portugal. Continuing his voyage he lost several ships and men in a storm at South Africa, remained he visited Mozambique, and at last reached India, where he made important commercial treaties with native princes and then returned to Europe.

James G. Clark.

Editor Question Bureau: Can you give any information in regard to James G. Clark? I have a piece in a book written by him, but nothing more. Would be pleased to hear something about him.—O. S., Fairmont, W. Va.

James Gowdy Clark, was well known as a concert singer and song writer, and among his most popular songs are: Star of My Soul, The Awakening, The Beautiful Hills, The Children of the Battlefield, Freedom's Battle Hymn, The Evergreen Mountains of Life, and The Old Spanish Tree. He was born in Courtania, N. Y., June 28, 1830, and died at Pasadena, Cal., in September, 1897.

Jack London.

Editor Question Bureal: How old is Jack London? Kindly give short biography.—W. C. G., Cameron, W. Va.

Jack London was born in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. He was educated at the Oakland high school and University of California. He left college to go to the Klondike and never completed the course. In 1892 he went to sea; went to Japan and seal hunting in Behring sea, 1893. He tramped through the United States and Canada as a social and economical study, in 1894, and traveled a great deal at various times.

Miscellaneous.

M. D. L., Junction City, Ore.—We cannot give you the process of manufacturing Castile soap.

E. E. S., Bainbridge, Ind.—We are of the belief that no date has been fixed for the opening of the Belle Fourche lands in South Dakota. These land openings are invariably published in our news columns.

B. C., Glen Elder, Kan.—Children of first cousins are second cousins.

P. G. Lafayette, Ind.—We don't print music in the columns of The Blade. Go to a music store for what you want.

J. L. H., Fletcher, O.—We can give you nothing in the way of a biography of Thomas H. Martin, late senior vice commander of the G. A. R.

W. T., Laurelville, O.—Know nothing about any such law as you inquire for.

G. A. N., Delevan, N. Y.—Better ask somebody with a technical knowledge of the subject you ask about. We have none.

C. E. W., Elgin, Utah—For aught we know, William J. Bryan may have been the author of the quotation you ask about. Anyhow, his use of it has brought it into fame.

L. C. T., Humboldt, Ariz.—We have not Senator Bailey's definition of "society."

BIG WORDS AND LITTLE

Interesting Theory Which Compares Atoms With Solar System.

The possible analogy between the structure of the atom and the planetary system, as demonstrated more especially by its characteristic spectrum, has been repeatedly discussed. The disintegration theory of radioactivity accounts for the liberation of energy by radio-active bodies by assuming that after a certain average interval of time this sub-atomic system comes into an unstable configuration, and tumbles to pieces with a great liberation of energy.

In considering the large number of atoms contained even in a single milligram of salt this liberation of energy would appear to be continuous.

An alternative theory has been suggested by Mons. Filippoke, who has suggested that the energy of the radioactive elements is not due to the destruction of the atom, but rather represents a part of its heat of formation. The suggestion is made that whereas the smaller atoms, like the minor celestial systems, have reached a final condition in which all available energy has been liberated, the larger atoms are still for the most part in a condition similar to that of the solar system, and will remain sources of energy until the whole of the supply represented by the heat of formation of the atom has been exhausted.

A WONDERFUL EYE.

Kaiser Rewards Its Possessor at Krupp's Armor Works.

The Krupp works at Essen have been much discussed owing to changes in the management. When the kaiser visited the late Herr Krupp at Essen his attention was called to the steam hammer. "Ackermann has a sure eye," said Herr Krupp, "and can stop the hammer at any moment. You might put your hand on the anvil without fear of injury." "I will try his skill," said the kaiser, "but not with my hand. I will put my watch on the anvil." So he laid the fine watch set with brilliants, and Ackerman stopped the hammer within the sixth of an inch of it.

The emperor said to the clever workman: "Keep the watch as a souvenir," but the workman was too embarrassed to do so. Herr Krupp took it, saying: "I will keep it for you." A few moments later he passed the hammer and handed the watch wrapped up in a bank note to the workman, who accepted from his employer what he had declined from the kaiser.

POWER FROM WASTE GAS

What Is Being Done in Germany and England.

H. E. Wimperis, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in England, has written an article stating that the attention of the English manufacturers is being drawn more and more to the great vogue on the continent of the waste-power gas engine.

Dr. H. Hoffman recently read a paper before the Society of German Engineers on the subject, in which he estimated that in Germany no less than 600,000 horsepower might be obtained from the surplus gases of coke ovens, and an additional 1,000,000 horsepower from the waste gases of blast furnaces. The first gas engine plant dealing with coke-oven gases was put into operation in 1894 in Germany, and there are now constructed or under construction gas engines capable of delivering no less than 400,000 horsepower when operated with "poor gases." Mr. Wimperis says:

"During last year alone one German firm is reported to have constructed 140 such engines of a combined capacity of 120,000 horsepower. This shows a movement of the keenest vitality. Less progress has been made in the United States, but American engineers are watching affairs very closely and are not likely to allow themselves to be left far behind in any improvement which makes for economy in manufacturing costs. Mr. Rossi, an American, has estimated that the power which could be saved in the metallurgical industries of the states must amount to some millions of horsepower, and he has expressed the opinion that an output of fully 1,000,000 horsepower could be maintained continuously."

SCIENCE AND NIAGARA

Everywhere in the America I have seen the same note sounds, the note of a fatal gigantic economic development, of large prevision and enormous pressures. I heard it clear above the roar of Niagara—for, after all, I stopped off at Niagara.

As a waterfall, Niagara's claim to distinction is now mainly quantitative; its spectacular effect, its magnificent and humbling size and splendor, were long since destroyed beyond recovery by the hotels, the factories, the power houses, the bridges and tramways and hoardings that arose about it. It must have been a fine thing to happen upon suddenly after a day of solitary travel; the Indians, they say, gave it worship; but it's no great wonder to reach it by trolley car through a street hack-infested and full of adventurous refreshment places and souvenir shops and the touting guides. There were great quantities of young couples and other sightseers, with the usual encumbrances of wrap and bag and umbrella, trailing out across the bridges and along the neat paths of the reservation parks, asking the way to this point and that. Notice boards cut the sky, offering this and that for 25 and 50 cents, and it was proposed you should keep off the grass.

The interest of Niagara for me was not in the waterfall, but in the human accumulations about it. They stood for the future, and promises, and the waterfall was just a vast reiteration of falling water. The note of growth in human accomplishment rose clear and triumphant above the elemental thunder.

For the most part these accumulations of human force about Niagara are extremely defiling and ugly. Nothing—not even the hotel signs and advertisement boards—could be more offensive to the eye and mind than the Schoellkopf company's untidy confusion of sheds and buildings on the American side wastefully squirting out long tail-race cascades behind the bridge and nothing more disgusting than the sewer pipes and gas-work ooze that the town of Niagara Falls contributes to the scenery. But after all these represent only the first slovenly onslaught of mankind's expansion, the pioneers' camp of the human-growth process that already changes its quality and manner. There are finer things than these outrages to be found. The dynamos and turbines of the Niagara Falls Power company, for example, impressed me far more profoundly than the Cave of the Winds; are indeed to my mind greater and more beautiful than that accidental eddying of air and water. Their beauty and power are made visible, though translated into easy and commanding things. They are clean, noiseless and starkly powerful. All the clatter and tumult of the early age of machinery is past and gone here; there is no smoke, no dirt, no grit at all. The wheel pit into which one descends has an almost cloistered quiet about its softly humming turbines. These are altogether noble masses of machinery, huge black slumbering monsters, great sleeping tops that engender irresistible forces in their sleep. They sprang armed like Minerva from serene and speculative foreseeing and endeavoring brains. First was the word and then these powers. A man goes to and fro quietly in the long clean hall of the dynamos. There is no clangor, no racket. Yet the outer rim of the big generators is spinning at the pace of 100,000 miles an hour; the dazzling clean switchboard with its little handles and levers is the seat of empire over mere power than the strength of a million disciplined unquestioning men. All these great things are as silent, as wonderfully made, as the heart in a living body and stouter and stronger than that.

When I thought that these two huge wheel-pits of this company are themselves but a little intimation of what can be done in this way, what will be done in this way, my imagination towered above me, I fell into a day dream of the coming power of men, and how that power may be used by them.

For surely the greatness of life is to come; it is not in such accidents as mountains or the sea. I have seen the splendor of mountains, the glory of sunset among them, and the waste immensity of the sky and sea. I am not blind, because I can see beyond these glories. To me no other thing is credible than that all the natural beauty in the world is only so much material for the imagination and the mind, so many hints and suggestions for art and creation. Whatever is, is but the lure and symbol toward what can be willed and done. Man lives to make—in the end he will make, or there will be nothing left for him to do.

And the world he will make—after a thousand years or so!

I, at least, can forgive the loss of all the accidental, unmeaning beauty that is going for the sake of fine system, fine order and intention that will come. I believe—passionately, as a doubting lover believes in his mistress—in the future of mankind. And so to me it seems altogether right that all the froth and hurry of Niagara at last, all of it, dying into hungry canals of intake, should rise again in light and power, in ordered and equipped and proved and beautiful humanity, in cities and palaces and the enamelled roads and ways of men.

I turned back to look at the power house as I walked toward the falls, and halted and stared. Its architecture brought me out of my day-dream to the quality of contemporary things again. You know, it is such an inconceivably dull piece of building—a box of bricks exterior for these engineering splendors—a shock, a scandal like a bowler hat on the king of kings. What an architect! I'd almost as soon have had one of the Schoellkopf sheds.

For a time my prophet mood was altogether dampened.

A community that can produce such things as those turbines and dynamos, and then cover them over with this dull exterior, is capable, one feels, of any fear of bathos. One feels that all the power that throbs in the copper cables below may end at last in turning great wheels for excursionists, stamping out aluminum fancyware, and the illumination of night advertisements for drug shops and music halls.

I had an afternoon of busy doubts.

There is much discussion about the question of Niagara at present. It may be some queer compromise, based on the presence that a voluminous waterfall is necessarily a thing of incredible beauty, and a human use is necessarily a degrading use, will "save" Niagara and the hack drivers and the souvenir shops for series of years yet, a magnificent monument to the pride of the United States in a gloss of nature," as one journalistic savior puts it. It is, as public opinion stands, a quite conceivable thing. This electric development may be stopped after all, and the huge fall of water remain surrounded by gravel paths and parapets and geranium beds, a staring point for dull wonder, a crown for days' excursion, a thunderous impressive accessory to the vulgar love-making that fills the surrounding hotels, a Titanic imbecility of wasted gifts. But I don't think so. I think somebody will pay something, and the journalistic zeal for scenery abate. I think the huge social and industrial process of America will win in this conflict, and at last swallow up Niagara altogether.—H. G. Wells in Harper's Weekly.

The Sunday School.

There are two kinds of people in the world; those who do things and those who talk about the ones who do things, the observed and the observers. Most of mankind is in the second class. Jesus was in the first. He was during His life "the cynosure of all eyes;" wherever He went and whatever He did, public interest stood agape. When He made His last memorable journey to Jerusalem the procession stood aside to watch and comment.

The heroism of this calm, clear-eyed, unhesitating pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which He knew perfectly was to be, on this occasion, the city of His death, is something to dwell upon. Jesus serenely faced His fate. Fear found no home in His heart. Duty was to him a thing to be done inevitably and unafraid. To all the multitude of men and women who are called upon to front dreadful ordeals, He has left an inspiriting example. The Christlike way to meet any hard thing is with eyes open and without faltering or complaining. And this example has filled with fortitude countless human hearts.

In the clutch of a great crisis, a man wonders why the world goes on sunnily when midnight is upon him, with all the stars blotted out. Men heed not the soul dramas that are being enacted all about them. Here was the Son of God going up to His event that was to give history a new date of beginnings, and that was to become the central and most important fact in the life of the universe. Yet little cared Perea or Judea for that; the gates of the cities resounded with the same shrill cries of traffic; every wellside held its group of idle gossipers, and all the petty concerns of a narrow existence held the attention of the people, until Jesus should come directly under their purview, when He would furnish them with their chief item of conversation.

The real greatness of the Hero was revealed in this, that He did not spurn or shrink from these little people with their small interests, but with a sympathetic tenderness that concealed His own supreme tragedy, He stooped to help the needs of men as He met them by the way. It is easy to live the life of the world in the world, or to live the life of the spirit apart from the world; but it is great to take the nobler impulses and heroisms of the spirit right down among men and there let them work out in unselfish ministry.

Few Wants, but Many Wishes.

Beneath the clamorous cries of the world for many things—and mankind never desired so many things as it does today, as witness the wide and full of needless accessories of a luxurious civilization—there lie but few real, fundamental needs. Apply this to the spirit or the body and it is equally true. This truth levels all artificial barriers, and links all men together; even the headline at San Francisco, immediately after the fire, created one complete democracy of rich and poor.

So the two diverse incidents of this lesson story are harmonized. Both poor Bartimeus, the blind beggar, and little Zaccheus, the rich publican, has as their underlying need Jesus the Christ. When he appeared and received them all the vital wants of their lives were met. Bartimeus was a professional beggar, outside the Jericho gate. He was a beggar because he was blind: his dearest wish was to see. Everything else else would be endurable if only he might receive his sight. On the other hand, the need of Zaccheus was less tangible, but no less real: his was the soul-hunger, which is worse than any material lack. His spirit's unrest impelled him toward Jesus, the wonder-working Teacher from Galilee.

A Time to Overcome Conventionality.

As he sat by the roadside, as he had with soul-deadening monotony sat for many years, poor blind Bartimeus heard the approaching hum and then the nearer tumult of the procession that followed Jesus. Helpless, he asked again and again what it all meant, reaching out to clutch the garments of some one of the streaming crowd to compel an answer. At last he got it in a sentence, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." All now he had dreamed and talked of this Man of miracles, and of the possibility of His one day restoring sight to himself. The news of the great deeds of Jesus had been the talk of the countryside for many months, inspiring wild hopes in many breasts that had been buried in despair.

This was the hour of opportunity for Bartimeus. His beating heart almost crowded utterance out of his throat. He trembled with agitation. But he stood up and began to cry, above the road of the throng, "Thou son of David, have mercy upon me!" He knew not at just what instant the Healer would be within hearing; but he resolved to call so long as there was a possibility of his voice reaching Jesus.

Right here the lovers of conventionality appear; they are always present. To them it was more important that there should be nothing out of the ordinary, even the violation of conventions that this afflicted man should be healed. Many people would rather be "proper" than pure. They love "correctness" above character. To them "the mode" means more than the moral law. And there are times to ignore them; Mrs. Grundy is a good servant but a bad mistress. The hour had come for Bartimeus, dependent though he was upon popular bounty, to disregard what people said, and to assert as he had a right to do, his one vital, all-important claim.

Of course Jesus heard him; the Lord never fails to hear that sort of spirit. At the summons of Jesus the blind man, casting aside his impeding outer garment, rushed toward the voice. Asked what he desired, he swiftly gave voice to the wish that had always dwelt deepest in his heart, "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" Such faith always prevails, and immediately the miracle was wrought. In a delirium of joy, while the people marveled and gave God the glory, Bartimeus followed his Deliverer as a grateful disciple.

The Original "Man Up a Tree."

All this happened on the outskirts of Jericho. The news of the coming One ran before, and all the city, summoning everybody out to line the main street. Among the people was a rich tax-gatherer named Zaccheus, despised and feared of all the good Jews in town. He was handicapped for sightseeing by short stature. Zaccheus had been little by little by inside measurement as he was physically he could never have seen Jesus. The crowd keeps hosts of the small from attaining their coveted desires. But not this little publican. He was of the sort of man whom difficulties could deter; and as the Spartan mother who advised her son when he complained that his sword was too short to "add a step to it," so he set the commendable example of adding a tree's height to his natural deficiency.

It was not magnified, of course—that was a bad day for Mrs. Grundy—but, while the crowd stared, the rich publican gathered the tall of his robe in his hand and scooted ahead of the multitude and, like a small boy, though with less agility, he shinned up a friendly sycamore. "Obsecracies," Zaccheus reasoned, though he had never heard the proverb, "are things to be overcome." Well for the young person possessed of the Zaccheus spirit.

Jesus saw the man in the tree, of course. He never fails to recognize any special effort to reach Him. What must have been the publican's amazement (even though he was of a calling not given to embarrassment) when the head of the procession halted under his tree, and Jesus greeted him with, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for today I must abide at thy house."

The Critics Appear.

More quickly than he had gone up, Zacheus hastened down the tree, with unspeakable joyfulness. He who had been used to being spurned by the religious people of Jericho was the recipient of the special fav

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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In reviewing our subscription books, we find during the past three or four years more than 50,000 of our subscribers have received from us at least one pair of lace curtains. Since we do not sell these curtains, but give one pair for each club of ten subscribers, these figures will demonstrate the popularity of our premium offer — therefore we have made arrangements for the season of 1906-7, by contracting direct with one of the largest lace mills of this country for a special pattern and better goods, made especially for the subscribers of the Toledo Blade. We shall be prepared to supply 20,000 to 25,000 pairs this season.

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On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of some half dozen propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition No. 3, will receive a pair of these curtains postpaid by mail. By Sept. 1st the many suberibers expiring during September should have our propositions. Each and everyone should renew under one of the propositions, and hundreds should send us a club of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain proposition. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. We now make this offer to September subscribers only, and thirty days later the October people will have their turn, and so on in order of expirations. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all of our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Should any September subscribers fail for any reason to get our printed propositions by September 3rd, they will please write us for a duplicate. Also please remember that unless one of the propositions be accepted by October 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because beginning with that date we shall deal with October subscribers only. We should have a renewal of all our September names and a large number of new ones as well.

THE COUNTRY'S PROSPERITY.

Statistics recently published by the Bureau of Labor at Washington speak eloquently of the widespread prosperity of the country. The "slack" in the labor market is all taken up and the supply of laborers is not equal to the demand. If men are idle it is from choice and not because of lack of employment.

Two years ago the people of the country were busy and yet more than six per cent more men are employed now than at that time and the average wages are more than two per cent higher than twenty-four months ago. Wages per hour last year were nineteen per cent higher than they were ten years ago. Of course, food supplies cost more, for the tendency is always for an advance in foods during eras of great prosperity.

Last year more than a million European laborers came to this country, and another million are coming this year. They are quickly assimilated, and the cry is for more laborers. Employment agencies all over the country are asking for more and there is a shortage in every section. Even Canada is trying to divert the emigrants to the Northwest and every man willing and able to work has no difficulty in finding it.

This year the farmers again have bumper crops. Perhaps never before in the history of the country have the agriculturists been blessed with such a degree of material wealth. This gives a substantial foundation to the country's prosperity, and unless there should come a period of wild speculation there is not a cloud in the financial skies. The "square deal" policy of the national administration gives a feeling of security; there are no internal or international complications, and from whatever standpoint the situation is viewed, it gives promise of a peaceful and fruitful future.

ILLINOIS AND CANNON.

Joseph G. Cannon, speaker of the national house of representatives, is now a candidate for the presidential nomination. The action of the Illinois convention brings the grand old man prominently before the footlights, and he is the first candidate in the field, placed there by the formal action of a state convention. Illinois is in earnest in pushing Mr. Cannon's candidacy, and it must not be forgotten that Illinois is one of the great states of the Union. It has votes and influence and big, brainy men to push its claims for recognition.

Speaker Cannon commands national attention not so much because of the position he occupies, which gives him power second only to the President, but because of his personal qualities. He is a man of force as well as ability, and possesses a store of good, hard sense, which is far more valuable than brilliancy. Mr. Cannon has principles and he would not yield one of them for the presidency. He is not a schemer in politics and he never plays to the galleries. He proved himself a leader in legislative work, and he became speaker not through the manipulation of wires, but because his fellow members knew he was the right man for the place, and having tried him one term they re-elected him as a matter of course.

It is doubtful if there is a man living who more fully understands the needs of the country than does Speaker Cannon. He has the faculty of getting to the meat of all public questions, and is so candid and direct that the problem of right legislation becomes simple. While he is progressive he watches the expenditures of the government with the eye of an eagle and penetrates sham and graft at a glance. He has always served the people without thought of the effect on himself.

It will be said that Mr. Cannon is too old to be Presidnet. He is now 70. He will be 72 when the national convention meets. It requires a strong man, physically as well as mentally, to preside over the house. Mr. Cannon does this with ease. He is younger than many men of 50 and has promise of long years of usefulness. He may not be nominated, and may not want to be President, but the country would be safe with such a man at its executive head.

REVISION SENTIMENT.

The sentiment for tariff revision is growing in the Republican party. The triumph of Cummins, in Iowa, a pronounced revisionist, was followed by the declaration of Senator Cullom, of Illinois, in favor of a change in the Dingley schedules. Yesterday Illinois Republicans, in state convention, endorsed Cullom for another term in the senate and in their platform boldly declared for tariff revision whenever the change is advantageous to the country. Today Nebraska Republicans went on record as revisionists and even in Massachusetts the party is turning its face to the front under a revisionist candidate for governor.

Even President Roosevelt is not the hard and fast standpatter the extreme protectionists would have the country believe. In the Watson letter it will be remembered he said:

Whenever a given rate or schedule becomes evidently disadvantageous to the nation, because of the changes which go on from year to year in our conditions, that rate or schedule will be changed, while a general revision of the rates and schedules will be undertaken whenever it shall appear to the sober business sense of our people that the revision will do more good than harm.

The sentiment is making itself felt throughout the country. Republicans realize certain changes are necessary and that these changes should be made by the Republican party rather than endanger the system of protection by turning the work over to its enemies.

BRYAN AS A BOSS.

This is a bad year for political bosses. It makes little difference who they are or to what party they swear allegiance, the rank and file take peculiar pleasure in resenting interference and demand that they be let alone.

Even William Jennings Bryan, the Faultless One, the idol of his party and the man whose name Democratic state conventions cheer to the echo, has had his "calling" by the Democrats of Illinois. Bryan has insisted that Roger Sullivan must no longer be a member of the national Democratic committee. He asserts that Sullivan secured the position through discreditable methods. He insisted Sullivan should resign and that worthy curtly refused on the ground that it was a question for Illinois Democracy to determine.

Then Bryan said he did not want the endorsement of the Democracy of Illinois as long as Sullivan was on the committee as he is not a fit person to associate with decent men. This week the Democrats of Illinois met in state convention and repudiated the demands of the Peerless One by retaining Sullivan on the committee and then, through the efforts of Sullivan himself, the convention endorsed Mr. Bryan for the presidential nomination.

Really, the independence of party voters is as interesting as it is refreshing.

ALASKA'S ELECTION.

There is politics in other parts of Uncle Sam's domain as well as in the United States. Last week there was an election in Alaska for territorial delegates to congress, the first election of the kind up in that frozen northwest country. Republicans and Democrats each had candidates, but there was an Independent party which swamped the two old organizations as completely as the late Sam Jones used to do the job here in Toledo. The independents are the miners, and their candidates were successful. Their cry was "Alaska for the miners," and disregarding political issues they made the campaign on that slogan and won.

The people in the thickly populated districts in the states will marvel at some of the interesting features of this first congressional campaign in Alaska. The whole territory comprises the delegate district, and it is a big country, nearly as large as all that part of the United States lying east of the Mississippi river. The candidate would have difficulty in making a house-to-house canvass, and yet one sturdy old Democrat, three score and ten, made an active campaign and covered the 1,200 miles of the Yukon valley, only to meet defeat.

The entire vote polled in that big country was little more than 7,000, less than one-fourth the vote of the city of Toledo. However, but a small vote was polled as August is a busy month in the mines, and then one must be deeply interested to travel several days to reach a voting place, and it must be remembered this traveling is not done in Pullmans.

When the territorial delegates reach Washington they should be able to tell some good campaign yarns, even if they fail to have much influence on pending legislation.

THE CITY OF TRIBULATIONS.

Plans are already under way for rebuilding the city of Valparaiso. Though crushed by the disaster that has befallen it, the dauntless spirit of the town, a characteristic of its entire history, is again being made mainfest in the preparations under way to replace the ruin wrought by Fate's last crushing blow.

Judged by the evils that have befallen it, the city of Valparaiso is unique. It has had more than its full share of tribulations, more than comes to the average city. In 1678 the town was bombarded, sacked, its treasure stolen, and many of its people killed; later it was pillaged by a slave trader and pirate. In 1730 practically the whole town was destroyed by an earthquake, and many years were required for complete recovery from this disaster. In 1822 a second earthquake visited the place, many lives destroyed and much property again lost. The next great catastrophe was that of a fire in 1843, which licked up $1,000,000 worth of property. Fifteen years later a second fire destroyed five times as much as the first. Eight years elapsed and evil came again, but in a new form. This time, 1866, the Spanish, who were then trying to destroy the republic of Chile, treated the town to a merciless bombardment, inflicting a $10,000,000 loss. In 1888 a large dam back of the unfortunate city burst and a section of the business portion of the city was washed away, with accompanying heavy loss of life.

Here is the record: Twice sacked, thrice scourged by fire, once flooded, and thrice racked by earthquake. But with all its discouragements, Valparaiso has not been defeated. On the contrary, it has maintained the leadership among the Pacific coast towns of South America. It has been foremost in public enterprise; was the first city in South America to establish telegraph lines and adopt gas; was also first to use street car lines and build aqueducts for the water supply. Here also were negotiations first begun for building the first railway in South America; and in many other ways has it shown a public spirit far surpassing that exhibited by its sister cities.

It is not surprising, then, to learn that the stricken city is to be rebuilt. The hand of fate has many times smitten, but it has not forever blighted Valparaiso; the city still maintains its indomitable enterprise.

PATTISON IDEALS AND OHIO DEMOCRACY.

The late Governor Patison was a good citizen and possessed lofty ideals. He had a clear conception of the duties of public officials and private citizens. His plan of state government was outlined in his inaugural address last winter, and a better state paper was never given the people of Ohio. Throughout his illness he exercised a good and powerful influence over legislation, for members of the general assembly of all parties recognized the strong principles which actuated the stricken chief and they knew the people believed in him and in his sincerity of purpose.

When the Democrats gathered in Columbus this week to name a ticket and promulgate a platform of principles they declared that the ideals of Pattison should prevail, that they must be engrafted in the party's declaration and become the battle cry in the coming campaign. The eloquent Judge McCann particularly called attention to this in the splendid speech he made at the opening of the convention. It was felt by Pattison's friends that if the party stood steadfast to the doctrines advocated by the dead leader it would have the support of many Republicans who left their party last year.

But Ohio Democracy forgot the ideals of Pattison. In his inaugural address the governor advocated in his direct and honest way county option on the liquor question. He believed in home rule and thought a county should have the opportunity of saying through the votes of its citizens if the saloons should be permitted within its borders. This declaration made county local option an issue. A bill embodying the governer's views was introduced, but other temperance legislation was crowded to the front and the measure is now pending and will come up for action when the legislature meets in January, 1908.

Mr. Pattison's Democratic friends wanted the convention yesterday to endorse county local option. The proposition brought on a bitter and prolonged contest in the committee on resolutions and the fight was carried to the floor of the convention, and then the Democratic party, lifted to the moral heights a year ago by a conscientious and determined man, fell back into the whisky stills and brewery vats.

It was the one contest in the convention, the one incident worth walking a block to see. The Pattison ideals are shattered. As between home rule and the temperanc forces on the one hand and the brewers and saloonkepers on the other, Ohio Democrats chose the latter and they did it with their eyes open and knowing the consequences of the act.

Houck, Finley and Garber, the three men nearest Governor Pattison, were abused like pickpockets for insisting on the county option plank. They could not have done otherwise and been loyal to their dead chieftian. He had made the question an issue and it was perfectly proper for them to press it to a finish fight and find out if Democrats of Ohio meant to "stand by the ideals of Pattison."

The vote which the county local option plank received in the convention came principally from the country districts. The cities and large towns which would not be affected by such a law were almost solidly against it. The platform as adopted declares in strong terms for home rule, but how inconsistent is such a demand when the same delegates who voted for the home rule plank denied home rule to the counties which asked for it?

Pattison has come and gone, but his high ideals of state and local government have been repudiated by his party. It must be humiliating to thousands of Democrats who rejoiced at the position taken by their party one short year ago to now see that party strike its colors, turn its back on the ideals which brought it respectability and victory, and as one of the convention delegates said, chose to be the whisky party rather than champion progressive temperance ideas.

"The Democratic party cannot recede one step from the high moral ground on which Pattison placed it," says the platform adopted and then on the same day the delegates approved this sentence they jumped from that peak of morality into the depths.

Such is Ohio Democracy.

THE TROUBLE IN CUBA.

It is difficult to conjecture how long the insurrection in Cuba will last and what will be its result. Revolutions are so common in that part of the world and civil rebellion flames up so quickly and subsides so suddenly that news of peace comes while we are expecting to hear of bloodshed.

The trouble in Cuba now seem to be an over-supply of disgruntled officeseekers. We have them in this country, but they are of a different temperament and content themselves with grumbling and waiting for a chance to get something "equally as good."

Down in Cuba they had an election some time ago and there were not enough offices for all the patriots. President Palma's election did not satisfy the so-called liberal party and the political agitators got busy. These agitators have an inflammable lot of material to work on—an army of illiterate colored people, and it did not require much time to start trouble.

The present administration has not been doing enough for the natives to satisfy them and they have formed the idea that Palma is too intimate with the powers that be at Washington, and Cubans are prone to forget what the United States has done for them and do not have an over-abundance of love for Americans. So it is the sly old agitators have easy work in their process of trouble-making.

The illiterates like to fight far more than they like to work, and they are bad fellows when they go on the warpath. Gathered into bands and hissed on by the men who wanted offices and couldn't get them, these Cubans are out for trouble and they will probably give the Palma administration plenty of it. However, President Palma understands their methods of warfare and is prepared to subdue the revolution, although it may take time, money and men. He says he is equal to the emergency and the world hopes he is. This country has more than a passing interest in Cuba and will watch developments with some anxiety as to the result.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Before Justice McAvoy, of the juvenile court of New York city, there appeared a boy, a few days ago, who had been arrested for vagrancy. The lad had been turned out of home by his father, and when the case was called the father appeared as the complaining witness. This aroused the ire of the justice, who sent the boy to a protectory and then administered a lecture to the father which he will not soon forget, closing with the admonition that if he did not pay a certain sum each week for the care of the child the court would send him—the father—to jail. The judge declared he would do everything in his power to stop the practice of parents in refusing to assume the responsibility for caring for their children and turning them over to become a burden on the community and the state.

Justice McAvoy is right, and it is the position taken by many judges of juvenile courts. It is a serious thing for parents to bring children into the world and then neglect and abuse them before they are old enough to care for themselves. In reality it means the propagation of paupers and criminals for whom the state must provide, when, instead, the responsibility should rest on the parents for making of these children good citizens.

For many years Ohio has maintained institutions for the care and training of incorrigible youths. The boys and girls were sent to Lancaster and Delaware, while the parents, more to blame than the children, were not held liable, except in cases of severe punishment inflicted on the children. Then came the establishment of the juvenile court, and last winter the law was so changed as to give the judges of these courts the power to send to the workhouse men and women who failed to properly provide and care for their children. This law is in accord with public sentiment and sound wisdom. Those parents who are able to provide for their children and fail to do so and permit them to grow up without that nurture which makes for good citizenship deserve punishment as severe as that of hard labor in the workhouse, and the state is right in its efforts to discourage that sort of inhumanity, not only as a protection to itself but in the interest of the children.

NON-PARTISAN JUDGES.

When Richard Croker testified before a committee of the New York legislature that Tammany expected judges nominated and elected by it to favor that organization whenever they could do so, he unconsciously laid the foundation for a movement to take the judiciary of New York out of politics, and the sentiment is now spreading to other cities of the state and to other states.

Ten candidates for justices of the supreme court of New York, two for the court of general sessions and one for the surrogate court have been placed in nomination by a non-partisan committee of thirty-five lawyers of which Hon. Joseph H. Choate is chairman and Judge Alton B. Parker vice chairman. More than 1,700 members of the New York bar have approved the selections, headquarters have been opened and the names will be placed on the ballot by petition.

The demand for such a movement in New York came not alone from members of the bar, but from the public as well, as it was deemed proper to have judicial candidates of known ability and independence and entirely free from obligations to party and politicians.

Across the river in Brooklyn a committee of one hundred is maknig up a judicial ticket, and the movement has spread to Buffalo, Pittsburg and other cities. There is a desire on the part of all, except politicians seeking favors and designing corporations, to have a judiciary free from all entangling alliances, and Joseph Choate heads a movement which promises to beocme popular in all parts of the country.

AN ISLAND OF ROMANCE.

If reports from stricken Chile are true there will be universal regret over the disappearance of the island of Juan Fernandez. Not that it was one of nature's beauty spots, for, on the contrary, it possessed little charm, being mountainous and thinly populated and used by Chile as a place of confinement for her criminals. But to the world the little island held a charm of romance which has lived through the years, for it was made historic by Robinson Crusoe's battle with fate and his glorious triumph. To the person who has read the story of Crusoe, and who has not, there must come a feeling of sorrow that the little island is now engulfed by the waters of the Pacific.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Any time there is a fight on in Cuba it is possible to find a Gomez in the midst of it.

Aeronauts, it will have to be admitted, are breaking more records than necks this year.

The Bryan reception will have to be pretty noisy to create an echo that will last two years.

Illinois Democrats to Mr. Bryan: When you kick Committeeman Sullivan you kick us.

The young Cuban republic appears to have eaten too freely of the green apples of independence.

Democrats will miss an opportunity if they fail to view with alarm the President's spelling reform order.

San Francisco knows how to sympathize with Valparaiso. She sends a check with her tender emotions.

Had Harry Thaw never carried a revolver he doubtless would not have had that attack of emotional insanity.

When it comes to dollar campaign funds, there appears to be no necessity for subscribing early to avoid the rush.

The czar hasn't time to take up the matter of spelling reform, notwithstanding it is one of the things Russia seems to need badly.

It may be noted that few, if any, of the words President Roosevelt is in favor of reforming were ever used by Mr. Grover Cleveland.

The man who follows President Roosevelt's letters closely can always see that he never writes until he has something to say.

There is beginning to be some fear that the Cuban revolution is getting too big to be taken out behind the woodshed for punishment.

Since the Roger Sullivan incident Mr. Bryan may have some reason to fear that there is danger of being nominated by his enemies.

Speaker Cannon is now 70 years of age. Thus he will be, when the time is propitious for nominating a candidate for President, only 68.

If is is true that Banker Stensland went away with a blonde woman who writes poetry, he will doubtless soon give himself up to the police.

The English newspaper that refers to the spelling reform as the "Carnegie jargon" has hit upon an apt description at the first dash.

We don't know what the coroner will give as the cause of General Bandera's death, but at this distance it looks like a case of political starvation.

Congress appropriated $879,589,185.16 for the expenses of the government. Only $120,410,814.84 short of being a billion-dollar country.

Not a word are the Democrats saying in memory of Judge Parker, and yet they cannot deny that he made as nice a looking political corpse as Mr. Bryan.

Some of the Ohio Democrats may think they have Tom Johnson down and out, but Tom is an artist when it comes to bobbing up serenely.

Some man who has been looking over the Kansas corn crop in an airship predicts that the yield will be one of the greatest the state has ever produced.

None of the Democratic promulgations so far has taken the trouble to indorse General Prosperity, who is at present the most popular man in the country.

It is presumed, however, if the matter were put to a vote, the people who can't spell correctly under any system would win by a large majority.

An Indiana writer is talking of what would happen if the sun were blue. His friends still hope, however, that with the advent of cooler weather he will recover.

Oklahoma points to her record-breaking crops as evidence that she expects to become a self-sustaining member of the grand sisterhood of states.

Further earthquake shocks are predicted for Peru, Ecuador and Mexico. If they do not take place the people will forget the prophecy; and so will the prophet.

At this distance it is not easy to see how Russian revolutionists are going to win by missing the officials they throw bombs at and killing innocent bystanders.

Nearly everyone now and then receives a letter containing some new ideas of orthography that might consistently be adopted by the spelling reformers.

Nobody has so far attempted to attribute the Valparaiso earthquake to the city's wickedness. Maybe afraid they would have to account for Pittsburg's immunity.

When Samuel Gompers has succeeded in defeating Uncle Joe Cannon for reelection the public will not have to be poked in the ribs in order to get it to sit up and take notice.

Speaker Cannon has bought a large farm, but whether he will be called from the plow by the next national Republican convention is a matter for future determination.

The sultan of Turkey, being about ready to die, is looking around to find a successor. Naturally he wants a man who can put up a good front when the bill collector comes around.

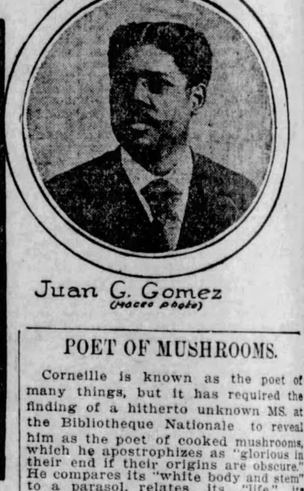
Cuban rebels who feel that they are entitled to the offices on the grounds of patriotism must have forgotten that American soldiers saved their country for $13 a month and board.

Richard Croker has given $50 to the Bryan reception committee, and nobody has asked where he got it, probably assuming that he sold vegetables out of his garden and saved the money.

Objections have been made to Uncle Joe Cannon's nomination for the presidency on the ground that he is not sufficiently ornamental. But doesn't such a complaint make him look more and more like Lincoln?

Cuba's Executive Mansion, Its President and His Defenders

General Alejandro Rodriguez Commander of the Rural Guard



Juan G. Gomez (Moore photo)

FOR THE KITCHEN.

That woman who improvised a grater by punching nail holes in a tin box lid proved herself mistress of a thousand petty emergencies which too often arise and overwhelm less resourceful mortals.

The talent of adapting the means at hand to other uses, upon need, is one that lies latent in every woman who "takes naturally" to household affairs; it is the same quality of mind which invents new dishes, and changes even the appearance of things as often as practicable, says the Philadelphia North American.

The lids which come upon tin boxes of baking powder are often pressed into service as biscuit and cookie cutters, when an accident has removed one or the other of them. Nail holes through another lid have furnished a primitive flour or spice shaker when either of those necessary things happened to be absent.

Even flour barrel heads have been pressed into service—made to cover the broken cane seat of a chair.

Perhaps the most ingenious adaptation of all, though, was the use of one of those spidery inkstands of which the glass well was broken. The housemother saw it, and straightway annexed it for her ironing table, making it do duty as an ironstand.

POET OF MUSHROOMS.

Corneille is known as the poet of many things, but it has required the finding of a hitherto unknown MS. at the Bibliotheque Nationale to reveal him as the poet of cooked mushrooms, which he apostrophizes as "glorious in their end if their origins are obscure." He compares its "white body and stem" to a parasol, relates its "life," its "struggle with the sun," suggests its relish with cream or mutton ragout, and declares its savory excellence as compared with asparagus, truffles or artichokes. The verse is not exactly that of the "Cid" or of "Polyeucte," but it is Corneille.—London Globe.

Current Events.

Japan refuses to pay tribute to China until Russia does likewise.

Terrific rainstorms wash 200 bodies from graves in Kansas City cemetery.

New York Central railroad is indicted for allowing Standard Oil company an unlawful rate.

Steamship companies are fined for bringing diseased immigrants to the United States.

Nebraska Republicans nominate Norris Brown to succeed Millard in United States senate.

Montreal paper warns England against making any more concessions to the United States.

Examination of the food products sold by several Chicago firms shows the use of adulterants.

General strike is declared at Bilbao, Spain, on eve of Alfonso's landing and strikers clash with troops.

M. J. Sage & Co., brokers at New York, with 300 branch offices, suspended. Failure may involve $2,000,000.

German investigating committee finds filthy conditions exist in Prussian slaughter houses and bakeries.

Woman gone crazy by hearing doctrine of Holy Rollers, sets fire to clothing and offers herself as offering to God.

Samuel Gompers urges that organized labor devote labor day to agitation against hostile members in congress.

Wall street clerk arrested for stealing two kisses is fined $10, though woman who caused the arrest values them at $2,000 each.

Fourteen-year-old girl socialist is arrested in New York for talking on the street without a permit, but is released by the magistrate.

Cuban insurgents capture City of San Luis, Pinar del Rio province, after battle in which several are killed and wounded, and take fifty rural guards.

Emperor Nicholas has alienated nearly all his subjects by the dissolution of the douma and depends solely on the army, says William E. Curtis, writing from St. Petersburg.

Young woman who goes to Janesville, Wis., to marry a man there who advertised for a wife, is frightened away by a crowd which greets her, and the swain loses his bride and his job.

Divorce suit of St. Louis man ends a strange romance in which a young woman was separated from the man of her choice and married to a rival through a mistake in mailing two letters.

Illinois is agriculturally the wealthiest state in the Union, according to statistics compiled by the department of agriculture. Iowa, Ohio, Missouri and Indiana follow in the order named.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, opening the campaign in Maine, declares President Roosevelt and his progressive administration form the real issue between the two great parties in the nation.

The Ohio Democratic convention nominates a state ticket headed by Samuel A. Haskins for secretary of state; the platform advocates legislation enabling cities and towns to own public utilities.

Plot to counterfeit Venezuelan coins to finance a revolution and overthrow President Castro is revealed in New York by the arrest of four men, one of them former manager of the Orinoco corporation, a $10,000,000 concern holding a concession in Venezuela.

THE LAND OF OLD AGE.

The Land of Old Age is an invisible country which is all about us. However young you are, you have been near it, and I should count you unfortunate indeed if, in the heat of the day, you had not turned into its shady by-paths and lingered a moment with its quiet dwellers. It is a very peaceful land; there is not much work there to be done; duty is rarely seen—so seldom, in fact, that sometimes those of us who have gone there to live for good feel that we have passed our time of usefulness and have moments of hot resentment that we are not out in the world doing its work for it. I feel that way myself often, and at such times make excursions outside. Always the gentle hands of my children lead me back to my own country; and I sometimes feel that the reason we resist taking our places there is this sense that we are not allowed to come out when we wish, that we are kept prisoners—not through our own weaknesses, but because there are certain conventions as to what is suitable or unsuitable for us old people.—Harper's Bazar.

The Real Story of Jumbo

How Showman Barnum Got the Famous Elephant "As He Stands."

When P. T. Barnum anticipated the decline of the freak and other small stuff as a superlative drawing adjuncts of the circus he dispatched agents to Europe to round up something that would startle American amusement lovers. That was early in the year 1882, before the magic wand of Tody Hamilton had transformed the abnormality into the prodigy. To use his own words, Mr. Barnum wanted "twenty camels, thirty ostriches, or some other big stuff." He clearly foresaw the tangible possibilities of the menagerie, and, as was so characteristic of the great showman, he decided to "go after it." His agents, headed by a Mr. Davis, landed in London. After viewing the animals in the zoological gardens at Regent Park they were ushered into the presence of the big elephant Jumbo, the superintendent inquiring with levity: "Is he big enough." But London had no intention of disposing of Jumbo, for he had created no little stir in the British metropolis, because of his enormous size. The agents departed for continental cities, and at Hamburg nine camels were purchased and shipped to New York to become the nucleus of Barnum's first menagerie.

Two weeks later the Zoological Society of London received a cablegram from Mr. Barnum inquiring if Jumbo was for sale and how much money would buy him. The members of the society chanced to be in session at the time and the matter was given some consideration, though they probably thought that this fellow Barnum was just joking. However, Mr. Barnum received in answer to his inquiry the following: "You may have Jumbo for £2,000 as he stands." There was considerable meaning to that "as he stands" clause. He weighed something over six tons, stood over eleven feet in his stockings and possessed a mind of his own that could be so contrary at times that people often accused Jumbo of being quite human.

In due time Mr. Barnum's agents arrived with the £2,000 for the purchase of Jumbo and a huge cage in which to encase him and transport him to America. The cage was upon wheels, was powerfully constructed and weighed something over four tons. The transaction was made with due formality and Jumbo became American property. Accordingly, and with considerable pomp, the big elephant was escorted from his spacious and almost palatial quarters in the garden up to the American constructed cage, but Jumbo smelled a mouse (they say that elephants are afraid of mice), and he refused with dignity to lend himself to such nefarious plans. Coaxing and threats were vain, and Jumbo, triumphant, was led back to his quarters for the night. He was given his usual supper and dreamed unmolested of the elysium where all good elephants go.

The agents began to appreciate the significance of that "as he stands" clause. But they had a plan. The next day Jumbo was again escorted to the cage. Again he respectfully declined to enter, complacently putting a foot forward and defiantly bidding the overworked men to move him. Thereupon stout ropes were obtained and it soon became apparent that Jumbo was to undergo the indignity of being pulled into his new quarters. But all the king's horses and all the king's men pulled and worked in vain. Jumbo was immovable. He had blue blood in his veins and he couldn't understand why he should be obliged to exchange his elaborate quarters for a cage 9 by 12. Again at night Jumbo dined and dreamed in peace.

The following day was strenuous. A large force was drafted into service. Jumbo was coaxed, pulled, beat and coaxed again, but again he slept and dined in his quarters in the garden.

That "as he stands" clause was about the biggest proposition that the American showman had undertaken for a long time and it soon became apparent that the Britishers did possess a streak of humor after all. The agents got busy. The next morning Jumbo was up with the sun, and was somewhat surprised to find that his breakfast was not in its accustomed place. But he soon discovered it in an adjoining room—a new room by the way, but as Jumbo had been so victorious he evidently thought he was deserving of larger apartments, and he entered the new addition, said grace and enjoyed his breakfast. But that was the undoing of Jumbo, for no sooner had he begun to satisfy his morning appetite than the door through which he entered was closed and tightly bolted. Jumbo was at last in the cage, which had during the night been converted into an improvised room by the new purchasers. But Jumbo took his defeat philosophically. It was a case of startegy and diplomacy, and he had lost. The cage was wheeled away to the wharf and soon Jumbo was bidding adieu and an revoir to old England and P. T. Barnum's press agents were busy telling the people of America of the coming of the biggest elephant in the world.

Jumbo was born in Africa. When a wee bit of a pachyderm he was taken to Paris, and soon thereafter he was taken to the London Zoo, where he remained for seventeen years. As mentioned above he stood almost twelve feet in height and weighed about six tons. Following his departure Jumbo became the reigning sensation of London. The society was criticised for selling him, for it had just dawned upon the people of London that Jumbo was a "big thing." Children talked about him upon the streets. Grown-ups discussed him. The papers and magazines took up the subject. Parliament heard speeches on Jumbo; even the queen took time to discuss him. But the society, in defense, claimed that Jumbo was becoming ferocious and unmanageable, which proved to be true.

Once in America, Mr. Barnum advertised Jumbo to the limit. Americans went wild over the animal, and he was exhibited from coast to coast. As Mr. Barnum had anticipated, Jumbo became "it." But his new surroundings and the constant travel and publicity to which he was subjected greatly annoyed Jumbo, and he soon showed signs of becoming uncontrollable. The trait developed rapidly, and during the engagement of the Barnum & Bailey show at St. Thomas, Can., in 1885, Jumbo was put to death because his keepers could do nothing with him and their lives, as well as the public safety, were in great danger.

But this was not the last of Jumbo. By prearrangement noted taxidermists were engaged and the skin and skeleton of Jumbo were prepared and placed in the Natural History Museum in New York city, where they are the cynosure of all that visit the great institution.—Billboard.

Markmanship Necessary.

"I sweah to you," cried Cholly, "unless you marry me I shall put a bullet through my bwain!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the heartless girl. "What an expert marksman you must be."—Philadelphia Press.

Nerve Racking.

"Does he really think it's bad luck to meet a cross-eyed person? How ridiculous!"

"Well, there's some excuse for him. The last cross-eyed person he saw was running an automobile and he got in the road of it."—Philadelphia Press.

Gold Medal Awarded

To The Blade's New Ball Bearing Rotary Washing Machine at Louisiana Purchase Exposition by the Superior Jury of Awards.

This certainly is sufficient guarantee of its superior merits to induce the most skeptical to take advantage of our liberal offer to ship the machine to our subscribers for about half price, together with the Weekly Blade for one year..... **$5.50**

With this machine your week's washing can be done in an hour and your much dreaded washday will soon be a thing of the past.

This washing machine will wash anything from a lace handkerchief to a bed quilt without injury as the counter currents of the water in the tub are what do the washing.

The machine is arranged with tight fitting cover, thus preventing escaping steam and eliminating the contamination of the house.

The machine works so easy with ball bearing journals that the work can be done by very little effort and no hard work.

Throw away the washboard for you wear the clothes more and cut the fibre of the cloth by rubbing the clothes on the hard ridges of the washboard than by ten times the actual wear of the clothes.

A Word To the Housewife

Will you stand over the open washtub and inhale the volatile matter and steam that arise from undergarments, etc., injure your health, contaminate your household and make it unfit to live in when you can get a Blade Washing Machine that is perfection in every particular at such a low price?

The mechanical movements consist of our patent oscillating malleable sprocket gear operated in ball bearings with steel ball retainers, most reliable and durable device that has yet been offered to the public.

The tub is made from (as the American Encyclopedia terms it) the Everlasting Red Cypress; it will outlast any two cedar tubs and is the most durable article of the kind ever offered our patrons. The body of the machine measures 25 inches in diameter, 14 inches deep, weight 72 pounds.

Remit by P. O. or express money order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

What Our Subscribers Say About The Blade Washing Machine

Dear Sirs: My Blade Washing Machine is more than satisfactory. I am very much pleased with it. It is so much better than I expected that I can honestly recommend it to my friends. I have entirely done away with the washboard. Yours truly,

MRS. PHILO BURCH,
Route 19, Lyndonville, N. Y.

Pikeville, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co.:

Gentlemen—Your washer came just as I started to my summer resort. We would begin washing after breakfast wash for ten in family and get through by 9 o'clock. I consider it first class and exactly as represented.

Yours for clean clothes,
C. B. HART.

Huntertown, Allen Co., Ind., Oct. 3, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co., Toledo, O.:

Gentlemen—I can speak in the highest terms of the Blade Washing Machine. It does the work well. I can cheerfully recommend it to every family that wants to buy a washing machine. Respectfully yours,

DR. L. HOUGHTON.

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 25, 1905.

Gentlemen—I will say that the Blade washer is just grand. It washes splendid I would not think of getting along without it. My neighbors have many kinds of washers, but none that can compare with mine.

Yours truly,
ROBERT D. KNAPP,
Danbury, Conn.

THE BLADE'S REVISED WATCH LIST

FOR 1905-06

WALTHAM AND ELGIN MOVEMENTS

This season The Blade offers its readers a selection of first-class watches at prices lower than ever made before, and much lower than can be purchased elsewhere. The cases are the best quality of gold filled cases made, and are fully guaranteed. The reliability and accuracy of the Waltham and Elgin movements are so well known that they need no special description from us.

If you want a thoroughly reliable watch, this is your opportunity to get one at a very low price.

The 25-year cases are plain or engine turned, an extra charge being made for hand engraved cases.

The 20-year cases are plain, engine turned, or engraved. No extra charge being made for engraved cases.

All watches are sent by registered mail, all charges prepaid by us.

The men's watches in the following list are all 18 size. The ladies' watches 6 size. We can furnish any size and any grade of Waltham and Elgin movements, and will be pleased to quote you prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Fifteen jewels (settings): quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S GOLD WATCHES.

Our prices include free delivery, in good running order.

No. 71—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $13.75	No. 72—7-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $11.00
Extra for engraved case.$1.00	Extra for engraved case, 80c
No. 73—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $15.00	No. 74—15-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case $12.60
Extra for engraved case.$1.00	Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 75—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.20	No. 76—7-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $8.75
No. 77—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $12.25	No. 78—15-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $10.00

MEN'S NICKEL SILVER WATCHES.

No. 79—7-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $5.30	No. 80—15-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $6.75

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

No. 81—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $12.00	No. 82—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case $13.25
Extra for engraved case.. 80c	Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 83—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $10.50	No. 84—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.75

SPECIAL.

Men's Nickel Silver, open-face cases, with 7 and 15-jeweled gilt Waltham and Elgin movements.

No. 85—7-jeweled gilt $4.75	No. 86—15-jeweled gilt $5.75

Remember our goods are just exactly as represented, and if you do not find them to be so, we will refund your money.

Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Gold-Filled Collar Buttons

We offer our readers a very fine quality gold filled, solid, one piece collar button at 15c each, 2 for 25c, 6 for 70c, 12 for $1.35.

Do not wear cheap plated or bone buttons when you can get a good, reliable article such as we offer you at so low a price. THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ILLINOIS SPECIAL

The Illinois Watch Co.'s movements are among the best in the market. This is proven by the fact that they are being adopted by the railroad companies for the use of their employes.

We offer our readers a few bargains in 11 and 17 jeweled movements—

No. 1.—Case, silverine, 16 size, open face, screw back and bezel movement, Illinois, 11 jeweled. **$7.50**

No. 2.—Case, same as No. 1; 18 size; movement, Illinois; 17 jeweled..... **$8.00**

This watch cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $10 to $12.

No. 3.—Case, gold filled; open face, screw back and bezel, 18 size; guaranteed 20 years; engraved, plain or engine turned; case, Illinois; 17 jeweled..... **$12.00**

These are first-class watches and will give the very best of satisfaction. Our prices are lower than you can buy the same goods elsewhere.

Address all orders to
THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES AND GIRLS

The O size is now the popular watch for ladies and girls. It is small enough to be worn as a Chatelaine, and is generally worn that way.

The case is 20-year, gold filled, Hunting, plain, engine turned, or engraved, and is fitted with a 7-jeweled Elgin or Waltham movement—

Our price is only **$11.75**

If you wish to give your wife, daughter or sister a handsome Xmas present, give her one of these watches.

Get your order in early.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

PARIS PATTERNS.

The cut paper patterns now offered to our readers are furnished by the Paris Modes Co., of New York, and are the best, latest and most perfect patterns offered by any newspaper using cut paper patterns.

These patterns provide for the allowance of all seams; are easy, simple and practical to use, and perfect in fit. If the correct size is selected, a garment may be cut and made to fit perfectly without any alteration.

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered. Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

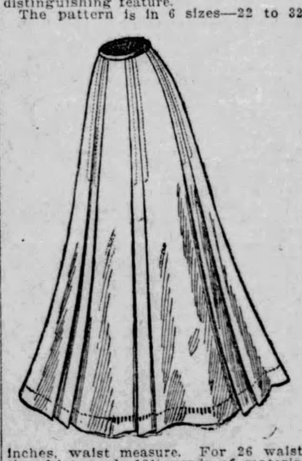
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

Ladies' Eight-Gored Circular Skirt, With Two Box-Plaits at the Front and Back and at Each Side—Paris Pattern No. 1485—All Seams Allowed.

Odd arrangements of plaits are seen in the newest skirts, one of which is here shown. Tucks at the bottom of the gores between the plaits is another distinguishing feature.

The pattern is in 6 sizes—22 to 32 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist, the skirt needs 12 yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 6¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 5¼ yards 42 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.



Girls' and Misses' Shirtwaist Dress, Consisting of a Tucked Shirtwaist With Three-Quarter Length Sleeves, and a Plaited Three-Piece Circular Skirt—Paris Pattern No. 1496—All Seams Allowed.

For school, outing or general wear, this is a very attractive little dress.

The pattern is in 5 sizes—8 to 16 years. For a girl of 12 years, the skirt needs 12¼ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 6¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 5¼ yards 42 inches wide, or 4⅜ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist—Paris Pattern No. 1495—All Seams Allowed.

An attractive style of tucked shirtwaist closed at the front is here shown. It will be popular for linens, silks and all sorts of shirtings. The regulation sleeve with cuffs are used.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 inch bust, the waist requires 4¼ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 2¾ yards 36 inches wide, or 2 yards 42 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Infants' Sacks—One Tucked With Round Collar, the Other Plain With Sailor Collar—Paris Pattern No. 1502—All Seams Allowed.

Two styles for the protective little sack are provided by this pattern. Flannel or cashmere is generally preferred for these little sacks, with fancy

stitchery and sometimes a little lace or ribbon for decoration.

The pattern is in one size. Either sack requires 2 yards of material 20 inches wide or 1⅜ yards 27 inches wide, or 1 yard 36 inches wide and ¼ yard of ribbon for ties; 3 yards of edging to trim tucked sack.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Misses' Norfolk Jacket, With Applied Plaits Over Side-Front and Side-Back Seams—Paris Pattern No. 1498—All Seams Allowed.

For school and outing wear either as independent garment or to match the skirt, the Norfolk jacket is exceedingly

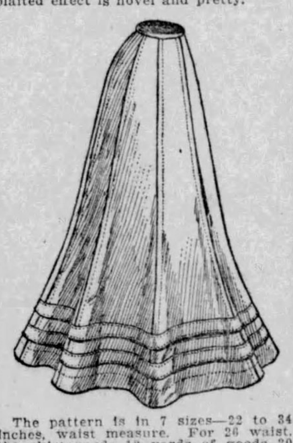
smart. The jacket here shown is up-to-date in every detail.

The pattern is in 3 sizes—13 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years, the jacket needs 4¼ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or 2⅞ yards 36 inches wide or 2 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Fifteen - Gored Box - Plaited Skirt, Stitched in Tuck Effect at the Seams Above the Box-Plaits—Paris Pattern No. 1499—All Seams Allowed.

This modish skirt is fashioned to fit with perfect smoothness over the hips and flare decidedly at the foot. Its plaited effect is novel and pretty.



The pattern is in 7 sizes—22 to 34 inches, waist measure. For 26 waist, the skirt needs 12 yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 6¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 5⅝ yards 42 inches wide. The skirt will need 5¼ yards 20 inches wide, or 3½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 42 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' and Misses' Shirtwaist Dress, Consisting of a Tucked Shirtwaist With Three-Quarter Length Sleeves, and a Plaited Three-Piece Circular Skirt—Paris Pattern No. 1496—All Seams Allowed.

For school, outing or general wear, this is a very attractive little dress.

The pattern is in 5 sizes—8 to 16 years. For a girl of 12 years, the skirt needs 12¼ yards of material 20 inches wide, or 6¼ yards 36 inches wide, or 5¼ yards 42 inches wide, or 4⅜ yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist—Paris Pattern No. 1495—All Seams Allowed.

An attractive style of tucked shirtwaist closed at the front is here shown. It will be popular for linens, silks and all sorts of shirtings. The regulation sleeve with cuffs are used.

The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 inch bust, shirtwaist requires 3¾ yards of goods 20 inches wide, or 1⅞ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yards 42 inches wide. The skirt will need 5¼ yards 20 inches wide, or 3½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 42 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide.

Price of pattern, 10 cents.

SPOKANE TO NEW YORK

Cowboys Start on a 3,000 Mile Ride.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 27.—Intending to ride more than 3,000 miles in the Spokane-New York derby, for which a purse of $10,000 has been hung up by F. A. King, a millionaire ranch and mine owner of Bozeman, Mont., Fred Winters, William Tucker and James Reardon started from Spokane on a journey which they must finish before November 21 at noon to win the stake.

Horses and outfits have been procured by the trio for the long ride, on which they will be accompanied by relays of horsemen between Spokane and Billings, Mont., and the last named town to Omaha, thence to Chicago, after which they will be required to check out at railway stations and telegraph offices along the route to be taken. They have ninety days in which to cover the distance, and this means nearly 35 miles a day on an average, which is considered by range riders to be no easy feat. The riders expect to reach New York city on the back of the horses on which they will begin the cross country ride.

Trip Planned by Cowboy.

James Reardon, who planned the trip, after snapping up Mr. King's offer in Spokane a few nights ago, is best known among his fellows as "Montana Jim." His is twenty-six years of age and has passed most of his life in the saddle on the ranges in Montana, where he was for a time boss cowboy on King's Three-Bar ranch. Winters is a native of Colorado and knows the ranges and trails all over the northwest, as he has been riding more than twenty years. Tucker is an English cavalryman, having served in his majesty's army seven years. He is an experienced horseman. He was a member of the famous Strathcona horse sent from Canada to South Africa by Lord Strathcona, Canada's high commissioner in England, and won signal honors for bravery while with General Roberts, commander-in-chief of the British army.

"We'll land that pot of gold just as sure as there will be $10,000 waiting for us in New York when the ride is completed," said Winters. "I know it will not be a summer outing. I know that I also know that Mr. King and a party of his associates who are offering the long purse do not question the horsemanship of the western riders nor the stamina of the horses, but as the whole thing originated in a joke, I believe he is too good a sport to pull down the money. The check for $10,000, fully certified, has been sent to a New York bank, so I am privileged to talk about it.

Thought It Was Fifty Miles.

"We were in Spokane a few days ago on the return home from the big horse round-up in Douglas county, Wash., where several thousand wild horses were rounded up near Ephrata, when Mr. King said he would like to send a letter to Mayor McClellan. I did not get the drift of the conversation, but I volunteered to take the letter, thinking, perhaps, it was a ride of fifty miles or so, when he said, jokingly: 'Why, Fred, it would take you more than ninety days to put that letter into the right party's hands.'

"I guess I grew several inches in that Mex saddle, but I told him I could make it at least in ninety days. He, thinking I knew right along that he referred to Mayor McClellan in New York city, said something about being 'on and,' he added, 'there'll be $10,000 at the other end if you and two other men get there in ninety days flat.'

"He didn't ask me to put even two bits against his stack, and then the ride was outlined. Well, I couldn't take water, so I rounded up 'Jim' and 'Bill,' and we talked it over. 'Jim' said, 'it's easy money,' and Tucker said in his quiet way, 'I know jolly well that we can do the thing. Go in for it, Wint, and we'll stay with you to the other end of the continent.' That settled it, and we shook hands, after which Mr. King gave me a paper saying that I could draw $10,000 in a New York bank if the three of us reached there on or before noon November 21, and showed the cashier that we actually rode the entire distance on horseback. If the mayor is not in town we can present it to his secretary."

The Proposed Route.

After crossing the mountains and plains between Spokane and Chicago, the riders will cut through Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, striking into New York from the Keystone state. They procured three of the best horses in this part of the country and shipped three others to Chicago, to be used in the event of a mishap. They are not restricted to the number of horses to be used, but they cannot take fresh ones unless the one under saddle is injured or becomes exhausted.

Western horsemen are much interested in the ride, and the odds are 6 to 5 that the trio of Spokane men will win.

CHILDREN MUST GO BACK

All Are Orphans, Made So by Russian Massacres.

New York, Aug. 27.—The case of the forty Russian Hebrew children, who arrived here Saturday on the steamship Amerika, was heard by the board of special inquiry at the immigration station on Ellis island Sunday, and the board after deliberation decided that the children should be excluded from this country. Accordingly their deportation was ordered. This, however, is not final and the case has already gone on appeal to Washington.

The children, all of them are orphans by the recent massacres in Russia, were gathered and brought here in charge of Sophia Perlmann, of Berlin. Wealthy Hebrews of this city supplied the funds and secured homes throughout the country where the children could be sent.

The orphans were brought before the board of which Inspector Parbury is chairman. Secretary Waldman, of the United Hebrew charities, appeared in behalf of the children. He said they would be well cared for, educated and looked after and that there was no chance that they would become charges on the public.

The board, after consideration of the case, thought otherwise, and announced that the children were ordered excluded. This action was taken under section 2, of the act of March 3, 1903, of the immigration laws.

Mr. Waldman said that the case will be appealed and a decision is expected in a few days.

Under the ruling, Mrs. Perlmann must return with her charges to insure their care on the journey back to Hamburg.

In the meantime the children will be well feed and well cared for on Ellis island.

DRIVES TO OLD HOME

Oklahoma Man Travels 2,300 Miles.

Dover, Del., Aug. 27.—After driving 2,300 miles alone for seventy-four consecutive days, in a wagon drawn by two mules and two horses, Dr. L. Reed, of Oklahoma, arrived here en route to his old home at Felton, Del., where he expects to spend the remainder of his days.

Upon arriving here Reed learned of the death of his brother, the late State Senator J. Todd Reed, and he broke into tears.

On June 9 Reed left Oklahoma, and in his journey he frequently camped by the roadside. He crossed ten states.

When he reached Baltimore, four days ago, Reed, fearing that he would become ill, persuaded a young man to accompany him here. After spending the night here, Reed, today, drove to Felton—the goal of his long journey.

STEVENS TO BE BOOSTED

Is to Succeed Shonts, Say Dispatches.

New York, Aug. 28.—John F. Stevens, according to dispatches from Panama, is to succeed Theodore P. Shonts as chairman of the canal commission. Stevens has attained a remarkable reputation as a civil engineer and railroad manager. His first engineering service of note was in connection with the city of Minneapolis.

JOHN F. STEVENS.

Later he located the Sabine Pass and Northwestern, and served in the engineering department of the Denver & Rio Grande, St. Paul, Canadian Pacific, Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic and Spokane Falls and Northern.

In 1889 he became chief engineer of the Great Northern and served in that capacity until he accepted the second vice presidency of the Rock Island system, in charge of operation. He resigned this position on his appointment to act as railroad expert for the Philippine Islands, and was on the point of starting there when the sudden return of John F. Wallace from Panama resulted in his appointment as civil engineer. He was born April 25, 1853.

PARTY MEN WERE BEATEN

Alaska Has Two New Territorial Delegates.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 27.—Alaska has elected two miners to seats in the house of representatives as her territorial delegates. They defeated the Republican and Democratic nominees in the elections by overwhelming majorities, and their election is looked on as Alaska's protest against broken promises by the national government and neglect of her interests and opposition to wealthy corporations.

The new delegates are Thomas Cole, elected by 3,331 plurality, for the long term, and Frank Waskey, who received 2,985 majority, for the short term. Cole is a native of Wisconsin, is known as

Thomas Cole

"Honest Tom" in Fairbanks, his home town, and has been a miner since 1897.

Frank Waskey was told of his nomination in the shaft of one of his mines while at work. He is thirty-three years old, is a Minnesotan, and his home is at Nome. He is energetic and knows the needs of Alaska. He is known as a "trail blazer" there, which interpreted means a man who accomplishes what he sets out to do.

An instance of the neglect of Alaska's interests is the matter of history that last year the Alaskans had to take up a collection among themselves to hire officials in the postoffice service on account of the insufficient appropriation granted them by the government for this purpose. And they had to do the same thing again this year although

Frank N. Waskey

the matter had been brought to the attention of the government officials, without avail. Port scandals in which federal officials have been involved in Alaska also had a part in determining the election.

TO INCREASE DEPOSITS

$3,000,000 to Be Put in National Depositaries.

Washington, Aug. 23.—Secretary Shaw has taken steps to increase the deposits of public moneys in national depositaries in various parts of the country to $50,000, the amount authorized by law. It affects about 150 banks and will aggregate about $3,000,000 additional deposits.

DISPOSSESSED BY BEES

Insects Drove Woman From Her Home.

New York, Aug. 27.—While George Van Billiard, proprietor of the Greystone farm at Califon, near Morristown, N. J., was away from home, his family was dispossessed without the formality of legal proceedings. Mrs. Van Billiard and her two daughters were getting the noonday meal, when they heard strange noises in the chimney. They took out a damper and found that a swarm of bees had taken possession of the chimney.

The bees immediately took advantage of the aperture and buzzed into the kitchen in a cloud. The women were badly stung and were forced to retreat, leaving the bees in full possession of the house. The three camped upon the lawn and plastered their stings with mud.

Van Billiard, with a sulphur candle, his hands and head swathed in mosquito netting, finally routed the bees.

HAS ISSUED AN APPEAL

Roosevelt Seeks Aid for Chilean Sufferers.

Oyster Bay, Aug. 25.—President Roosevelt today issued a proclamation appealing for aid for earthquake stricken Chile.

The proclamation was issued after a consultation with Acting Secretary of State Bacon, at Sagamore Hill, today. The proclamation reads as follows:

"Proclamation: A dreadful calamity has befallen our sister republic of Chile in the destruction by earthquake of Valparaiso and other localities. We of this nation at this moment see the city of San Francisco struggling upwards from the ruins of a like catastrophe which overwhelmed her last spring. We keep keenly in mind the thankful appreciation we then felt for the way in which the people of Europe and both Americas came forward with generous offers of assistance. In this time of woe of our sister republic I ask that our people out of their abundance now strive to do unto others as others last spring did to us. The national Red Cross association has already taken measures to collect any subscriptions that may be offered for this purpose, and I trust that there will be a generous response.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."
Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1906.

BELIEVED THEM SPURIOUS

Georgia Farmers Refused Columbian Half Dollars.

Valdosta, Ga., Aug. 27.—The Columbian silver pieces that were got out by the government during the Chicago exposition have caused a good deal of confusion in this section recently, due to the fact that so many people thought they were counterfeit, or obsolete, and would not take them.

The First National bank here recently got $1,000 from Washington in silver half dollars, all of them being of the old Columbian design. Those who got them from the bank were perfectly satisfied, and there was not much kick on them in the city, but when "Rube came to town" the thing began to change. He "smelt a mouse" as soon as he "laid eyes on 'em" and then trouble began. He not only would not have them himself, but he went back home and told his neighbors how the town was flooded with "countyfits."

The bank shipped $81.50 of the coins to a customer in a neighboring small town, but it did not stick. The next mail brought a letter stating that the "change has arrived, but is no good. Please give instruction as to what disposition we shall make of it." The Columbian halves are still floating around in a somewhat select circle, but it is about as hard for them to get in the pockets of the average ruralist as it is for a camel to go through the needle's eye.

WEAR UNCLE JOE BUTTONS

Citizens in Voteless Washington Help Along Cannon Boom.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Citizens of twenty-five states temporarily residing in Washington have signed a call for a meeting at the Ebbitt house to organize to help along "Uncle Joe" Cannon's presidential boom. Thousands of buttons have ben ordered for distribution. The speaker's picture will be on the buttons, with words attributed to the President on the occasion of Speaker Cannon's recent visit to Oyster Bay:

"Mr. Speaker, you will be the next president."

$95,000 PAID FOR SEAT ON N. Y. EXCHANGE

New York, Aug. 24.—A seat on the New York Stock Exchange was sold for $95,000. This is the record price for a seat on the exchange, and was reached but once before.

UNEQUALED PROSPERITY

Washington, Aug. 23.—Unequaled prosperity in the manufacturing industries of the United States for the calendar year 1904 is shown in a census bulletin just completed, which is compared by the census bureau with a similar census for the year 1900.

The number of manufacturing establishments in the country, as shown by the last census, is 216,262, an increase of four per cent over 1900. Capital increased during the five years from $8,978,835,200 to $12,686,265,673, or 41 per cent. In the same period the total value of products increased from $11,811,121,122 to $14,802,147,087, a gain of 30 per cent.

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

No Medicine so Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide-awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating, to Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloating feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhoea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts she is well, and says she don't think she could live without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason."

PRINTER GIVEN NOTIS

Roosvelt to Follo Karnage Reform Movement.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 24.—President Roosevelt has endorsed the Carnegie spelling reform movement. He issued orders today to Public Printer Stillings that hereafter all messages from the President and all other documents emanating from the White House shall be printed in accordance with the recommendation of the spelling reform committee headed by Brander Matthews, professor of English at Columbia university.

This committee has published a list of one hundred words in which the spelling is reformed. This list contains such words as "thru" and "tho" as the spelling for through and though.

The President's official sanction of this reform movement is regarded as the most effective and speediest method of inaugurating the new system of spelling throughout the country. Not only will the printed documents emanating from the President utilize the reform spelling, but his correspondence also will be spelled in the new style.

Secretary Loeb has sent for the list of one hundred words which have been reformed. As the spelling reform committee shall adopt new reforms they will be added to the list and also to that of the public printer.

While the order to the public printer

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Who Headed Committee on Reform Spelling.

today does not contemplate an immediate reform in the spelling of official documents from the executive department in Washington, it is regarded that more than likely the respective heads of departments will fall in line with the President's ideas and have their official documents printed in the new spelling.

On June 18 last the simplified spelling board made public a list of 300 simplified spellings which had been decided on by the board. The list is as follows:

Abridgment, accouter, accurst, acknowledgment, addrest, adz, affixt, altho, anapest, anemia, anesthesia, anesthetic, antipyrin, antitoxin, apothem, apprize, arbor, archeology, ardor, amor, artizan, assize, ax.

Bans (not banns), bark (not barque), behavior, blest, blusht, brazen, brazier, bun, bur.

Caliber, caliper, candor, chapt, check, checker, chimera, civilize, clamor, clangor, clapt, claspt, clipt, clue, coeval, color, colter, commixt, compress, comprize, confest, controller, coquet, criticize, cropt, crost, crusht, cue, curst, cutlas, cyclopedia, carest (not caressed), catalog, catechize, center.

Dactyl, dasht, decalog, defense, demagog, demeanor, deposit, deprest, develop, dieresis, dike, dipt, discust, dispatch, distil, distrest, dolor, domicile, draft, dram, drest, dript, droopt, dropt, dulness.

Ecumenical, edlie, egis, enamor, encyclopedia, endeavor, envelop, eolian, eon, epaulet, eponym, era, esophagus, esthetic, esthetics, estivate, ether, etiology, exorcize, exprest.

Fagot, fantasm, fantasy, fantom, favor, favorite, fervor, fiber, fixt, flavor, fulfil, fulness.

Gage, gazel, gelatin, gild (not guild), gipsy, gloze, glycerin, goodby, gram, gript.

Harbor, harken, heapt, hematin, hiccup, hoch (not hough), homeopathy, homonym, honor, humor, husht, hypotenuse.

Idolize, imprest, instil.

Jail, judgment.

Kist.

Labor, lacrimal, lapt, lasht, leapt, legalize, license, licorice, liter, lodgment, lookt, lopt, luster.

Mama, maneuver, materialize, meager, medieval, meter, mist (not missed), miter, mixt, mold, molder, molding, moldy, molt, mullen.

Naturalize, neighbor, niter, nipt.

Ocher, odor, offense, omelet, opprest, orthopedic.

Paleography, paleolithic, paleontology, paleozoic, paraffin, parlor, partizan, past (not passed), patronize, pedagog, pedobaptist, phenix, phenomenon, pigmy, plow, polyp, possest, practise, prefixt, prenomen, prest, pretense, preterit, pretermit, primeval, profest, program, prolog, propt, purr.

Quartet, quester, quintet.

Rancor, rapt (not rapped), raze, recognize, reconnoiter, rigor, rime, ript, rumor.

Saber, saltpeter, savior, savor, scepter, septet, sepulcher, sextet, silvan, similar, sipt, sithe, skilful, skipt, slipt, smolder, snapt, somber, specter, splendor, stedfast, stept, stopt, strest, stript, subpena, succor, suffixt, sulfate, sulfur, sumac, supprest, surprise, synonym.

Tabor, tapt, teazel, tenor, theater, tho, thoro, thorofare, thoroly, thru, thruout, tipt, topt, tost, transgrest, trapt, tript, tumor.

Valor, vapor, vext, vigor, vizor.

Wagon, washt, whipt, whisky, wilful, winkt, wisht, wo, woful, woolen, wrapt.

MEXICO TAKES ACTION

Will Prohibit Importation of Munitions.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Mexico has decided to prohibit the importation of arms and ammunition into the state of Sonora for the purpose of preventing the hostile Indians in that state from procuring supplies.

A dispatch announcing this action of the Mexican government was received today by the state department from Ambassador Thompson at the City of Mexico.

BOY DIVES EIGHTY FEET

Wins $25 on a Dare Then Wouldn't Take Money.

Ampersand, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Because he would not take a dare Clifford Bihn, of New York, the eighteen-year-old son of W. A. Bihn, risked his life in an 80-foot dive from the top of the cliff on Bluff Island, the highest point on the shores of lower Saranac Lake. Young Bihn is one of the New York boys at the summer camp conducted by Dr. P. M. Seixas, of New York, on the island. He had gone to the top of the cliff, with several of his young friends, when one of them exclaimed: "Bet you $25 you don't dare dive off there."

Without a word young Bihn stepped to the edge of the cliff, buttoned his coat about him, and, springing out, went down like a shot to the lake surface, 80 feet below. The water was about 30 feet deep where he struck. When his terrified companions peered over the edge of the cliff they saw him rise and swim to the shore.

Bihn, who refused to take the $25 offered to him, is none the worse for his experience. He is the first person to dive from the summit of Bluff Island Cliff.

Free Catarrh Cure

Bad Breath, K'Hawking and Spitting Quickly Cured—Fill Out Free Coupon Below.

"My New Discovery Quickly Cures Catarrh."—C. E. Gauss.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address today and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 7097 Main Street, Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to

C. E. Gauss, 7097 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

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AN IMPORTANT CHANGE

I. C. Commission Start Out Anew Tomorrow.

Washington, Aug. 27.—The new railroad rate law will go into effect tomorrow. At that time membership of the interstate commerce commission will be increased from five to seven members and the salary of the commissioners will be increased from $7,500 to $10,000 a year.

James S. Harlan, of Chicago, son of

JAMES S. HARLAN.

Associate Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court, and E. E. Clark, of Cedar Rapids, for many years chief of the Order of Railway Conductors, will become members of the commission. They will not be present Tuesday, however, to take the oath of office. Mr. Clark has sent word that he will not be able to come to Washington until about the middle of September. Mr. Harlan has not yet communicated with his prospective colleagues and nothing is known as to the time of his coming to Washington.

Much work has been done by the commissioners to prepare for the new order of things. They have employed Prof. Henry Adams, of Michigan university, to prepare a scheme of uniform bookkeeping to be put into force with the beginning of the next fiscal year, July 1, 1907.

NAVY FEUD IS RECALLED

Greely-Funston Controversy Is Now Possible.

Washington, Aug. 25.—Will there be a controversy in the army between the adherents of General Greely and General Funston, that will parallel the Sampson-Schley case in the navy?

This is the question that is being asked by some army officers as the result of General Greely's caustic criticism of the system which gives post and division commanders jurisdiction over the same territory. General Greely in his report regarding his experiences in San Francisco after the earthquake, said it developed many instances to show that a dual command is not the most efficient.

This is regarded as a criticism of Funston, who was in command at San Francisco immediately after the quake. General Greely, who was in command of the department of the Pacific, was on his way east to attend the wedding of his daughter and before he returned to San Francisco General Funston had earned all the glory.

Sampson was away from his fleet when the battle of Santiago was fought.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

Washington, Aug. 27.—The imports for the month of July, according to the monthly statement of Foreign Commerce, issued by the department of commerce and Labor, were $102,586,797 as against $84,512,606 for July, 1905, while the total amount of exports for July, 1906, were $111,551,415, as against $107,935,421 for July, 1905.

The imports for the seven months in 1906, ending with July, were $725,846,127, as against $647,654,040 for the same period in 1905, while the total exports for the seven months in 1906, ending with July, were $868,394,143, as against $848,889,444 for the same period in 1905.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS.

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony

WEDNESDAY.

I know not what the future holds
Of pain, and care, and grief, and strife;
I know not when white peace unfolds
Her guarded tents unto our life.
I know that if we tread the way
Truth leads, 'twill hold more gold than gray.

THURSDAY.

No trouble can annoy me, no evil can decoy me,
No baseness can alloy me while I hold Thy loving hand.

FRIDAY.

Thought is a magnet that draws unto itself
Like elements, that give it strength and growth.
Think love, and to thee flows Love's mighty power.

SATURDAY.

The kingdom of heaven within us lies,
The kingdom of love and hope and growth,
If only we'd willingly open our eyes
To the beautiful, simple, holy truth.

SUNDAY.

Be strong.
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it! 'tis God's gift.

MONDAY.

Brighter eyes are on us than we blind ones know,
Never walking heavenward, can we walk alone.

TUESDAY.

Ye who would know Love's highest reach of bliss—
The still white peaks of peace—remember this:
Before a soul can face that steady light
It must have plumbed pain's nethermost abyss.

Faith a Motor to Reach Success. Love of Nature a Saving Grace

EMILY S. BOUTON

One of the most beautiful words in the English language to me is Faith.

It stands next to Love, which is first of all. The charm of both comes, not from melody of sound, but from what they stand for in relation to human life. And the first includes the second, and both are infinite in meaning.

Faith! The word comes from the Anglo-Saxon from which the strongest part of our language proceeds. It is described in the Century dictionary as signifying "the assent of the mind to the truth of a proposition or statement for which there is not complete evidence." Again it is defined as "earnest and truthful confidence." Better than either of these, good as they are, do I like the definition of the author of Literature and Dogma, who says: "Faith is the being able to cleave to a power of goodness appealing to our higher and real self, not to our lower and apparent self." Then we have the word of the old Hebrew that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and this when the true meaning of the word "substance" is apprehended is, perhaps, best of all.

The trouble with most of us is that we do not make faith a working power in our lives. We think we believe with all our hearts in it as the basis of action in our relation to the Infinite, and in a lesser degree to the world around us, but do we thus really believe?

Whence then come our doubts and perplexities? Whence our ever-present fears? The fact is that instead of its entering into the very fiber of our being, and thrilling through all we think and do, faith in most of us is only a surface thing and has but a small influence in controlling our lives.

How shall this condition be changed?

First by having faith in ourselves, in our own powers, in our own ability to govern to a large extent, our circumstances and surroundings. We spend too much time in mourning over the past, instead of making it a lesson for the present and future, and then letting it go. Have confidence in being able to do right in the present hour without regard to past failure.

The author of Discovery of a Lost Trail says this: It is our spiritual geography that has been at fault. What we have desired does exist. We shall discover it when we put aside the pettiness of personal caprice and search with the devotion of King Arthur's knight in the quest of the Holy Grail."

We cannot have this devotion without faith in our own powers, in the higher self which is always ready to guide us if we but believe and listen. This it is that brings success, that gives right purpose to our will, which then bends circumstances as the flexible steel is bent by the workman.

Elsewhere the same writer declares: "The birds are always singing in our heavens, the light is always shining, help is always near, and our mountains are always full of invisible hosts sent for our deliverance; yet how often we are deaf to the melodies and blind to the brightness and power because our Fears have closed the avenue of spiritual perception!"

Ah, how true is this! We have no faith in ourselves or in the Infinite Love that is only awaiting recognition. We must win it by persistent effort, by believing that the suffering of today is only a preparation for a joyful tomorrow. We must learn to let go even of the good things in order to arrive at better things.

Beside having faith in ourselves we must have faith in others, in our friends, in our employers and in those we employ, in those we meet in business, or in any other casual manner. See the best in them—for there is always a best in everybody; have confidence in their good intentions. Refuse to allow doubts in those we love to enter into our hearts. Suspicion breeds suspicion ever and always. Even if words are not spoken, the vibrating thought will reach them and arouse bitterness.

Better it is to be many time deceived than by unfaith to inflict a cruel wrong upon another. This does not mean that we should fail to demand, kindly but firmly, what is manifestly right and just.

Finally, we must have faith in God, and this in truth, includes all the rest. This must be a faith expressed in living every day of the week, not left for expressing save in one. We work so hard to be what we call practical, neglecting the idealistic, which is the source of all beauty and happiness. We chain the wheels of our chariots until they drag heavily and then we wonder why life is such a failure. The same forces are latent in us as the Great Master used, but unfaith will never give them development. He said "these things which I do ye shall do and greater." What did He mean if not to affirm an actual possibility within the reach of humanity?

To fulfil this possibility, however, there must be a constantly growing faith and understanding, bringing interior peace and harmony. The latter is what we all need and it is far more important than material success. Yet the latter is the fruit of confidence in the seeker's ability to overcome obstacles.

It all comes back again finally to that one comprehensive and beautiful word—Faith, which resolves itself into an unwavering belief in the omnipresence and power of good, whatever may be the outward appearance in this illusory world of change.

A sense of pureness in the air,
Of wholesome life in growing things;
Waving of blossom, blade and wings;
Perfume and beauty everywhere;
Sky, trees, the grass, the very loam—
I love them all; this is our home.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

I have been haunted during this long, heated spell by the thought of the people crowded in the tenement houses of the great cities, human beings, little helpless children to whom even the blue sky is strange because so far away, the old, the sick, the sorrowful. Trees and grass and flowers they know not. The hot, stifling atmosphere full of impurity, seems impossible to live in. And then I turn from this picture and look out upon our own city streets, lined with trees, with the breathing places between the pretty homes, the stretches of velvety turf spangled here and there with bright hued flowers, and I wonder how we ever dare to complain of our discomfort. Even those we call the very poor have but short distances to go ere the shade of the city's parks—which is theirs equally with all—may be reached.

The contrast between these two pictures brings another thought. Those who are endeavoring to arouse in children a love of nature, of growing things, a warm interest in the denizens of the woods and fields, are doing a blessed work. Later on to those thus trained, a home in the country will seem a most desirable thing, a purpose to be accomplished. By so much as this is done, the tendency to crowding into narrow limits will be diminished. Today the electric roads and the telephones make neighbors of country dwellers and those in the city.

We are told that those who live in the tenement houses will not leave these places even when the opportunity is offered. Doubtless this is largely true and it is easy to see why. They are mostly foreigners who find companionship with those whose memories are of homes in the same distant land. To go away, even to a better place, among strangers, is desolation. But if their children can be taught a love for the beautiful things of nature, the wedge has been entered, the thought changed, and in some way improvement will finally be wrought, giving to the nation a better class of citizens than is possible under present conditions.

Let the school gardens go on and multiply. Let every influence be brought to bear to arouse and stimulate in the youngsters an interest in birds, and trees, and flowers, in all growing things everywhere, and they will become better men and women for such teaching. They will be far more likely to recognize the Power back of all life and hold it in loving reverence.

The Cozy Corner

A KANSAS IDEA.

I have been a reader of The Blade for more than thirty years, and in that time have read many things upon which I would like to have expressed my views, but have refrained, thinking others could do so better than I. Just now the spirit moves me to say a few words to "Rosy Lee" on the training of children.

The first step for any mother to take in governing her children is to learn to govern herself; the second step is to try and realize what it means to "train" a child. It is not forcing it to obey your will simply because you are its mother, and this is a stumblingblock for a majority of parents, both mothers and fathers. Make yourself a comrade and chum for your children and you will find it easy to lead them in the right way. Mind, I say "lead," not drive.

Training a child means to develop mind, character and the conscience, which is the foundation of character. Children should be taught to do things because it is right that they should do them—not because someone who is older and bigger than they tell them to do so. Children will ask why, and everything should be explained so that they will understand, for they are reasoning beings and must be taught as such and not as cattle which are driven before you with a lash. If no cross or harsh words are spoken to a little child there will be no occasion to speak them to the older child.—"A Lover of Children," Kansas.

A VOICE FROM VERMONT.

How shall we train a child? That depends upon what you are endeavoring to train it for. If for a life of ease or political success, or to keep in the swim of a fashionable life, you must seek knowledge from those who have made a success of those lines of life, but if you wish to train your child to be a good citizen, a Godfearing man or woman, these sources will not avail you.

A child should early be taught obedience; not a blind, fearful obedience like that of one of the lower animals that must be driven with a bit or the lash, but a reasonable, willing obedience which will always be given if the child learns in home life that his parents are his best friends and that they will not require him to do anything that is not for his good.

A child should be trained in habits of truth and honesty in the smallest details of his life; white lies should not be tolerated, and right here let me say that many children become liars from fear of their parents. They will, from forgetfulness or childish desire, do something they have been forbidden, then because of fear of the punishment that they expect, will add to the sin of disobedience that of untruthfulness. Better let the first wrong pass without punishment, until the opportunity comes of seriously talking to the child about it, than to treat them so they will feel that they have been unjustly punished for a fault and determine—not to avoid repeating the fault, but that they will so cover up their wrongdoing that you will never find it out.

Teach them that this life is not all they have to prepare for, and let them feel that God's commandments were given to be obeyed by a child as well as by older people, and that they will be held accountable for sins as well as when they are older.

Do you say—as one person said to me recently—"what is the use of troubling the children with such ideas; let them have their fling when they are young for they will have trouble enough when they are older." The lesson of obedience to God need not be made a terrifying affair to children, and the very fact that they are taught to do right in every particular when they are young, will be a safeguard against the trouble anticipated for them when they are older.

It is a fact beyond dispute that the salvation of the nation lies in the training of the children and the plan of allowing them to "have a good time" while they are young, without regard to the right, is what has produced the generation of men and women who have no regard for law or decency; who break the laws of God and man with impunity, and whose only idea is to get all they can of the pleasures of this world, forgetting that this life is not all there is to prepare for.

Perhaps you will say I am taking this matter too seriously, but I say where the immortal soul of a child is at stake, parents cannot take it too seriously. The responsibility of training the children they have brought into the world has been laid upon them, and a most serious one it is. Think of it, you who have children to train and bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord.—Mrs. D. E. Spencer, Vermont.

THE COOK.

Tomato Salad.

Select firm, ripe tomatoes, peel, chop fine, and rub through a sieve; do not cook them, and if hot water is used in removing the peel, chill the tomatoes before chopping them. Add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, and a teaspoonful each of salt and paprika. Soften two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-half cupful cold water, add a cupful of boiling water, and when the gelatine is melted, strain onto the tomatoes. Beat until it begins to thicken, pour into a closely-covered mold and place in equal parts of ice and salt. When served, turn onto a bed of lettuce and surround the molded salad with a mayonnaise dressing. This can be varied by placing the salad in a ring mold and filling the center with chopped lettuce mixed with mayonnaise.

Jelly Salad.

Peel and stew the tomatoes, season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice. To each quart of the tomato pulp add one ounce of gelatine softened in half a cupful of cold water, and dissolved in the hot tomato. Strain through a fine sieve and place in a mold to harden. When firm, turn out, and serve with mayonnaise. If this is molded in small, oblong molds (paper candy boxes will answer), the salad can be served in slices like ice cream, with the mayonnaise poured over it.

Maple Cream Soda.

Into a goblet pour two tablespoonfuls of thick maple syrup; add two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and blend the two. Place in the ice box until thoroughly chilled and when ready to serve add a spoonful of preserved cherries, a tablespoonful of ice cream and fill the glass with seltzer water.

Fruit Egg Nog.

Beat the yolk of an egg with a tablespoonful of sugar and a drop or two of lemon juice; pour this into a tall glass and fill it two-thirds full of rich milk. Add a tablespoonful of strained fruit juice, and place on top of the milk the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. Set in a very cold place until needed, and serve with a preserved cherry on the top.

New and Old Ideas.

"It does not seem consistent for a man to say at the altar: "With all my goods I thee endow," and then make his wife ask for every dollar she needs for housekeeping expenses, or personal use. And the man who insists that his wife keep an account of what she spends the money for and "audits" her expense book every month, ought to give her the same privilege as to his accounts. But he will not.

It is unjust to a woman to keep her in ignorance of how to manage her expenses in an economical manner. "I give my wife unlimited credit for household expenses," says the man. Yes, but she does not know how much she can afford to spend, or have, and should she be left alone she would not know how to keep within proper limits in her expenses. A better way is to have a mutual understanding of the financial resources of the family, and how much can be afforded for household expenses, including something for the wife's private use; then, in ninety per cent of the families, she will manage to keep well inside the limit allowed and will not be subjected to the mortification of asking for what is by rights her own.

The princess gown is the most popular of all styles this year. While the plain, tight fitting garment is not becoming to all figures, there are modifications of the pattern that will adapt it to all.

For little children—both girls and boys—rompers, or overalls, made of Holland, duck, denim, seersucker or chambray are universally worn. They are easy to make and to take off and put on, saving the children's clothing as well as insuring the maximum amount of comfort during the hot weather. Each leg of these garments is cut in one piece with a seam on the inside; the fronts are extended above the waist line to form a bib. The top of this extension is finished with a facing and the suspenders are attached to either corner, passing over the shoulders, crossing in the back and buttoned to the waist behind. The top of the back is finished with a band, or with shirrs into which tape is drawn. If for a little girl, make the legs very full and run an elastic through the hems. In hot weather these can be worn over a thin blouse and no other clothing will be needed.

It is said that when peeling onions if you begin at the root and peel up the onions will not affect one to tears as when peeled in the usual way.

If the clothes are hung smoothly on the line and the wrinkles "snapped" out, the ironing will be much easier. Dried-in wrinkles are hard to remove.

A tablespoonful of parrafin added to a boilerful of water when boiling white clothes, will remove stains that cannot otherwise be washed out.

Powdered magnesia applied to grease spots on marble, will quickly remove them.

A pinch of salt added to cream will make it whip much mor eeasily.

The "Inquirer" will be put in touch with the latest and best ideas on the subject of playgrounds for children by writing to The Bureau of Civic Co-operation, 5711 Kimbark avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Olive forks are now made with rods and springs, the use of which is to expedite the "catching" of the slippery olives which, as all know, are very elusive when served in bottles. Silver sugar tongs are also fitted with invisible springs. Poultry shears, to be used in dismembering fowls, makes the task of the carver very much lighter, and there are among the newest silver lemonade spoons with hollow handles which do duty as straws as well as spoons.

Sir Frederick Treves, of London, says disease is a benefit and not a curse to the human race. That catarrh and persistent sneezing are beneficial in ridding the head of bacteria which might do much more harm were they to remain in the system than can be accomplished by the sneezing and coughing which, therefore, should not be so immediately suppressed. "How true that we seldom know what is good for us."

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Miss Prudence never longed for a large house as she does this month when she finds herself obliged to receive her dear M. G. R. girls and boys on the installment plan—a few at a time — because the M. G. R. parlors are so very small. But she is very glad to see each one and will get around to all in time. "New England Girl" came in with a triumphant expression on her face as she saw what a complete and most agreeable surprise she had arranged. She brought an amusing story of one of her "experiences" which you shall hear later. "Bonnie Burnie," "Em T. Head," "Daisy"—who has married, and brings two M. G. R. grandchildren with her—"Olive Branch," "Addie" and "Scarlet Wing," "Quien Saba," "Zack Stubbs," Mr. and Mrs. Bro. Jonathan" and "Oregon Bach" followed those whose names were mentioned last week. Welcome, everyone of you. Miss Prudence is glad to see you, and it is a red letter day in her life when she hears such good news from her girls and boys. Everyone has turned out well, and when you consider the size of her M. G. R. family, is there any greater compliment possible? Has anyone been more fortunate in securing such good children?

I wish I could receive as my guests out on this cool, quiet farm where I am spending the summer, the crowd of M. G. R.'s who have come to the surprise party to which I was invited by two of the M. G. R. girls. I would treat you all to ice cream, of which I excel in the making.

Let me tell you briefly what I have been doing since I last wrote to you. On my return from the west I entered college and commenced the preparatory study for a theological course. While I had a very happy and profitable time, I shall not return at present, but expect soon to go back to the golden west.

If any urging of mine would avail, I would say to every young person to improve your time in school and appreciate all the good you are receiving there for the time will surely come when you will look back with regret if you do not. When the heavy responsibilities of life come upon you, you will then understand—if you do not now—how carefree the days were then.

It will be an especial pleasure to know if Miss Prudence is truly "surprised," and hoping the reunion will be a large and happy one, I leave for all the kindest regards.—"Quien Saba."

(A sure enough surprise, Quien Saba.)

I willed that a letter should reach Miss Prudence on the 9th of August, but Providence willed otherwise, so I am a day late, but I must tell, dear Chaperon, that there's not a M. G. R. who does not wish to express his or her good wishes, and assure you that you are loved and honored by us all.

Nearly nine years ago, through you, it was made possible for Truth Seeker and Bonnie Burnie to enjoy a friendly correspondence for over two years, until—being perfectly satisfied with each other—they decided that for their perfect happiness they would embark on that somewhat uncertain sea of matrimony, so on a stormy, blizzard day, April 13, they started on their life voyage together. But we have been very happy, with no storms of any consequence to trouble us, and as we look ahead the surface of the boundless sea of the future looks even more tranquil than the past. I feel sure that neither of us would have been perfectly happy if we had not known Miss Prudence through the M. G. R.—"Bonnie Burnie."

What's this? A string around my little finger. A "prominent" M. G. R. tied it on more than a month ago and it means—"Surprise party." And here's another string on my other hand, placed there by another "influential" member, and it means ditto—don't forget. As though I would forget so important a thing as a party, especially when there's most sure to be refreshments served I really had to hurry to get there on time as there was a washout on the line—(Mrs. S. washed yesterday and the wash is still "out" on the line.)

I am glad to greet so many old-timers, who will sit around and talk over old times. And, Miss Prudence, we are so glad we can really and truly surprise you like this. I have brought a little, gold-edged memorandum book for you, with our names in it—a name on each page—and each year you can note whether we have been a credit, or a discredit to our society, to our state and to the community in which we live. Then, years and years later when we are old and gray—but still young at heart—we will meet again and hear you read to us from the little book.

Now, as we gather around the banquet table, our glasses filled with cold water, pure and sparkling, let us renew our pledge to—

Do all the good we can,
In all the ways we can,
To all the people we can.

—Zach Stubbs.

Dear Chaperon: Aren't you surprised to see so many of us coming home at once? I thought I would help you out by bringing a big batch of the M. G. R. cookies. See those boys running this way! They would have heard "cookies" if I'd only just thought the word loud enough. But I am glad, for, I can make these better than anything else since "Hoosier Lu" gave us the recipe.

Now, then, here comes Olive Branch; let's give three cheers for her story. Wasn't it fine, and let the other story writers take notice that we love stories and hope to have more of them. Is Illinois here? I hope she hears this about stories, and will send one of her good ones. After wishing Miss Prudence many happy returns, I will invite you all to visit me in my home between the beautiful lakes of Seneca and Cayuga. The house is too small for all to come at once, as there are thousands of us, but I like company real often, and think a home without guests is lacking something we wish for.—"Daisy," N. Y.

By the invitation of New England Girl, I am present at this surprise party. Such a crowd! and you all seem to be old friends. As a new member, I will be satisfied to sit in a corner and look on. If Kate, of Ohio, is present I would like to ask her if we are neighbors and to tell "India" that—

"Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters you may choose them as your guides, and, following them, you will reach your destination."—Ohio Cousin.

Ohio Cousin must come oftener and then she will not feel so strange.

A Great American Singer

Lillian Blauvelt, one of the greatest American singers, besides her appearances in grand opera, has been heard a great deal in oratorio and concert, both here and abroad. She has been frequently "commanded" to appear before various royal personages, among whom the most prominent are Queen Victoria, before whom she sang at Windsor Castle; King Edward, at Buckingham Palace; Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Beatrice, Princess of Wales, Princess of Schleswig-Holstein, the Dowager Queen of Italy, Margharita, at the Quirinal in Rome; the late king of Italy, Umberto, and the present king and queen of Italy, and from many of these she received jeweled decorations. Among the most valued of these decorations was one presented to Miss Blauvelt by the late Queen Victoria, and one presented to her by the Dowager Queen of Italy, Margharita.

But perhaps the greatest honor ever conferred upon any prima donna was bestowed upon Miss Blauvelt in Rome on April 7, 1901—the Decoration of the Order of St. Cecelia, which was founded in 1585. The order is a limited one and in the history of the academy but seven others have been awarded the decoration. Miss Blauvelt received the eighth, and being the only English-speaking person and the only woman who has been so honored in the 320 years of its history, and whose name is carved on a marble tablet in the walls of the academy, it is a fitting tribute to her marvelous talents.

Miss Blauvelt was born in Brooklyn, and unlike most prima donnas of the grand opera stage, she is perfectly willing to give the date to any inquiry. The aforesaid date being March 16, 1873. She is the daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Blauvelt and can trace her ancestry directly to the first Dutch settlers on Manhattan island. At an early age she evinced a decided talent for music and at seven years of age began to study the violin under the best masters of that date, and at eight years of age she made her first appearance in public, playing in Steinway hall, New York city. Her performance upon the violin was widely and favorably criticised, and though Miss Blauvelt has long ago given up instrumental for vocal, yet she still continues her practice of violin playing and often delights a few of her friends with a little private concert upon that instrument.

At the age of fifteen it was discovered that she had a voice of great promise; so she began the foundation of a vocal training which has placed her among the famous singers of the world.

In a recent interview Miss Blauvelt gave this advice to singers:

"The student who is possessed of such love of music that no discouragement will deter her in her efforts to reach the height of her ambition is the only one who can hope to gain the top of the professional ladder."

"It is a case of grind, grind, grind," she said. "All my life I have simply lived for music. It seems to be my very soul. Before I could write my own name I could read music and knew how to handle a violin. I was only 8 years old when I made my first public appearance. It was in the old Steinway hall in New York, and I recall that I had a feeling that there was not the slightest chance of my failure. I was convinced that I must succeed, for if I had lost faith in myself it is very possible that I should have felt stage fright many time since. The point I am trying to make is this: Never attempt a performance in public until you are positive that your work will be the best that you can ever do."

LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

BABY CORN.

A happy mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered, "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung;
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung;
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round,
And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
The green skirts fitted tight,
The ear stood straight and large and tall,
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
To say, "Your work is done."

"You're large enough," said Mother Stalk,
"And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
Into a soft, brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said, "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn."

Miranda and Her Friend Kroof

Kirstie Craig lived with her five-year-old daughter, Miranda, in a settlement near the edge of the great Canadian woods. People were so unkind and unloving to her that she resolved to live her life aloof from them. Gathering together her earthly possessions, she went to a spacious clearing in the heart of the wood, and, taking possession of a deserted cabin there, began to farm the clearing for a living for herself and child. From the very first day of her new life on the clearing Miranda had found it to her taste. For her the place was not solitary. Her wide eyes saw when her mother could not see, and to her the forest edges—which she was not allowed to pass—were full of most satisfying playmates just waiting for her to invite their confidence. One afternoon her mother was ill and fell into a deep sleep. Miranda had gone out to feed the hens. She did not go straight back to her mother. Instead she wandered off toward the edge of the dark firwood, where it came down close behind the cabin. The broad light of the open field, now green with buckwheat, threw a living illumination far in among the cool arcades.

Between the straight gray trunks Miranda's clear eyes saw something move. She liked it very much, indeed. It looked to her extremely like a cat, only larger than any cat she had seen at the settlement, taller on its legs, and with a queer, thick stump of a tail. In fact it was a cat, the brown, or lesser tynx. Its coat was a red brown, finely mottled with a paler shade, and the expression on the moon-like round of its face was both fierce and shy. But it was a cat, plainly enough, and Miranda's heart went out to it, as it sat up there in the shadows, watching her steadily, with wide, pale eyes.

"Oh, pretty pussy! pretty pussy!" called Miranda, stretching out her hands to it coaxingly, and running into the wood.

The brown cat waited unwinkingly until she was about ten paces off, then turned and darted deeper into the shadows. When it was all but out of sight it stopped, turned again, and sat up to watch the eager child. Miranda was now absorbed in the pursuit and sanguine of catching the beautiful pussy. This time she was suffered to come almost within grasping distance before the animal again wheeled with an angry pfuff and darted away. Disappointed, but not discouraged, Miranda followed again, and the little play was repeated, with slight variation, till her great eyes were full of blinding tears, and she was ready to drop with weariness. Then the malicious cat, tired of the game, and no longer curious, vanished altogether, and Miranda sat down to cry.

But she was not the child to make much fuss over a small disappointment. In a very few minutes she up, dried her eyes with the backs of her tiny fists, and started, as she thought, straight for home. At first she ran, thinking her mother might be troubled by her absence. But, not coming to the open as she expected, she stopped, looked about her very carefully, and then walked forward with continual circumspection. She walked on and on, till she knew she had gone far enough to reach home five times over. Her feet faltered, and then she stood quite still, helplessly. She knew that she was lost. All at once the ancient wood, the wood she had longed for, the wood whose darkness she had never feared, became lonely, menacing, terrible. She broke into loud wailing. The cries came to the ears of Kroof, a large, black bear who had often gone near to the clearing to watch the little girl in whom she was greatly interested. She started in the direction of the cry, but other ears had heard it, too.

A tawny form, many times larger than the perfidious brown cat, but not altogether unlike it in shape, crept stealthily towards the sound. Though his limbs looked heavy, his paws large in comparison with his lank body and small, flat, cruel head, his movements, nevertheless, were noiseless as light. At each low-stooping, sinuous step, his tail twitched nervously. When he caught sight of the crying child he stopped, and then crept up more stealthily than before, crouching so low that his belly almost touched the ground, his neck stretched out in a line with his tail.

He made absolutely no sound, yet something in Miranda's sensitive brain heard him before he was quite within springing distance. She stopped her crying, glanced suddenly around, and fixed a darkly clear glance upon his glaring green eyes. Poor little frightened and lonely child though she was, there was yet something subtly disturbing to the beast in that steady gaze of hers. It was the empty gloom, the state of being lost, which had made Miranda's fear. Of an animal, however fierce, she had no instinctive terror, and now, though she knew that the cruel-eyed beast before her was the panther, it was a sort of indignant curiosity that was uppermost in her mind.

The beast shifted his eyes uneasily under her unwavering look. He experienced a moment's indecision as to whether or not it was well, after all, to meddle with this unterrified, clear-gazing creature. Then an anger grew within him. He fixed his hypnotizing stare more resolutely and lashed his tail with angry jerks. He was working himself up to the final and fatal spring, while Miranda watched him.

Just then a strange thing happened. Out from behind a boulder, whence she had been eyeing the situation, shambled the huge, black form of Kroof. She was at Miranda's side in an instant, and, rising up on her hind-quarters, a towering, indomitable bulk, she squealed defiance to the panther. As soon as Miranda saw her "great big dog" (which she knew quite well, however, to be a bear), she seemed to realize how frightened she had been of the panther, and she recognized that strong defense had come. With convulsive sobs she sprang forward and hid her tear-stained little face in the bear's shaggy flank, clutching at the soft fur with both hands. To this impetuous embrace Kroof paid no attention, but continued to glower menacingly at the panther.

As for the panther, he was unaffectedly astonished. He lost his stealthy, crouching, concentrated attitude, and rose to his full height, lifted his head, dropped his tail, and stared at the phenomenon. If this child was a protege of Kroof's he wanted none of her, for it would be a day of famine, indeed, when he would wish to force conclusions with the giant she-bear. He wheeled about and walked off indifferently, moving with head erect and a casual air. One would hardly have known him for the stealthy monster of ten minutes ago.

When he was gone Kroof lay down on her side and gently coaxed Miranda against her body. Her heart went out to the child. And Miranda showed herself most appreciative of Kroof's attentions, stroking her with light little hands, and murmuring to her much musical endearment, to which Kroof lent earnest ear. Then, laying her head on the fur of the bear, she suddenly went fast asleep, being wearied by her wanderings and her emotions.

Late in the afternoon, towards milking time, Kirstie aroused herself. She felt troubled at having been so long asleep. And where could Miranda be? She arose, tottering for a moment, but soon found herself steady; and then she realized that she had slept off a sickness. But Miranda was nowhere to be seen.

"Miranda!" she called. And then louder—and yet louder—and at last with a piercing wail of anguish, as it burst upon her that Miranda was gone. The sunlit clearing, the gray cabin, the dark forest edges, all seemed to whirl and swim about her for an instant. It was only for an instant. Then she snatched up the axe from the chopping log, and with a sure instinct darted into that tongue of firwoods just behind the house.

All at once, over the mossy crest of a rock, she saw a sight which brought her to a standstill. Her eyes and her mouth opened wide in sheer amazement. Then the terrible tension relaxed. A strong shudder passed through her, and she was her steadfast self again. A smile broke up the sober lines of her face.

And this was what she saw. Through the hoary arcades of the fir wood walked a huge black bear, with none other than Miranda trotting by its side, and playfully stroking its rich coat. The great animal would pause from time to time merely to nuzzle at the child with its snout, or lick her hand with its narrow red tongue, but the course it was making was straight for the cabin. Kirstie stood motionless for some minutes watching the strange scene, then stepping out from her shelter, she hastened after them. So engrossed were they with each other that she came up undiscovered to within twenty paces of them. Then she called out:

"Miranda, where have you been?"

The child stopped, looked back, but still clung to Kroof's fur.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, eager and breathless, and trying to tell everything at once; "I was all lost—and I was just going to be eaten up—and the dear, good big bear came and frightened the panther away—and we were just going home—and do come and speak to the dear, lovely, big bear! Oh, don't let it go away, don't let it!"

But on this point Kroof had her own views. It was Miranda she had adopted, not Kirstie, and she felt a kind of jealousy of Miranda's mother. Even while Miranda was speaking, the bear swung aside and briskly shambled off, leaving the child half in tears.

It was a thrilling story which Miranda had to tell her mother that evening. It made a profound impression on Kirstie's quick and tolerant mind; she saw in Kroof's affection only a strong shield for Miranda against the gravest perils of the wood.—From The Heart of the Ancient Wood. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JULY.

New Work.....Buckeye, Jr.
Solutions.....W. P. E.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was the creator of experimental science, and was born at Pisa, February 15, 1524. At the age of eighteen he made one of his most important discoveries. Noticing the oscillation of a lamp in the cathedral, he was struck with the apparent regularity of its vibrations, and concluded, after testing it, that this equality of oscillation might become a valuable agent in the exact measurement of time. This discovery he utilized by the successful application of a pendulum to a clock for astronomical purposes. In 1609 he offered his first complete telescope to the Doge of Venice. In the same year he constructed a microscope. He made various important astronomical discoveries, and propounded the theory that all falling bodies, great or small, descend with equal velocity. He died January 8, 1642, and was interred by ducal orders in the cathedral of Santa Croce, where a majestic monument symbolizes his great achievements.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

The base of a right-angled triangle is 40 ft. The sum of its hypothenuse and perpendicular is 100 ft. Find the hypothenuse.

ALBERT A. ARMITAGE.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC

X O O X
X O O X
X O O X
X O O X
X X
X O O X
X O O X
X O O X
X O O X

1.—Signifies an abundance.
2.—Jewish word meaning father.
3.—A short journey.
4.—To gather, as crops.
5.—A necesary adjunct to every one who wishes to see.
6.—A low cry of distres.
7.—Given name of an author of boys' books of adventure.
8.—Product of the history trees.
9.—Tuberous vegetables.

Primals are opposed to produce finals, but sometimes "fall to connect."

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

4.—SHAKESPEARIAN STUDY.

1.—A lady who was lost in her infancy.
2.—A lady who lost her wits for love.
3.—A lady who assumed the dress of a page and called herself Ganymede.
4.—A lady who fell in love with a donkey.
5.—One whose intelligence and purity saved her brother's life and won her a duke for a husband.
6.—An airy sprite.

Initials give the name of one who practiced law without previous study, and on one occasion only.

LOO SEE.

5.—QUERY.

Who knows what is meant by "Genre Painting"?

ALICE CASEY.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote: "Some friendships were made by nature, some by contract, some by interest and some by souls."

BUCKEYE JR.

Answers to Puzzles of August 15.

1.—Elizabeth Fry.
2.—11 2-3%.
3.—Asenath, Bel, Remmor, Aziel, Haman, Achan, Millo, Primals, Abraham.
4.—Words forming Biblical tree: K, one, Job, sower, Selah, Zebedee, D. G. E. Centrals, Knowledge.
5.—Fructidor, meaning in English "fruit month," was the name given in the republican calendar of France to the period extending from the 18th of August to the 16th of September. The 18th Fructidor of the year 5, or the 4th of September, 1797, is celebrated as the day on which Barras, Rewbel and Lepaux, members of the directory, by a "coup d'etat" saved the republic from the machinations of the royalists who had got the upper hand in the Council of Five Hundred. The execution of the "coup d'etat" was entrusted to General Augereau.
6.—Daniel Webster wrote — "Who fights and fled to live another day, lives to fight with passions and o'ercomes, that man is armed
With the best virtue—passive fortitude."

Chat.

The class in the 'Cademy this morning consisted of five of the "standbys"—Hawkeye, Mrs. H. Larned, W. P. E., Pauline and Lewis J. Baird.

Hawkeye writes: "Accept my congratulations, Schoolmistress, on your obtaining a vacation. I have escaped from the bondage of cooking for a crowd of harvesters for eight days, and think I have earned a vacation whether I get it or not."

We all agree that you have earned it, Hawkeye, and sincerely hope you may get it.

In answering a recent "Who Was He" Mrs. H. Larned sends these quotations from a campaign song of 1852:

"We'll give 'em Jesse (J. C.) when we rally at the polls."
"Free speech, free pen, free soil, Fremont and victory."

W. P. E. captured the July Bannership for most solutions, and Buckeye Jr. took it for most new work used during the month.

It seems to the Schoolmistress that these two boys are having what is vulgarly called a "cinch." Cannot the girls "loosen their hold" on that Banner?

RURAL GUARDS END LIFE

Daring Insurgent Leader in Cuba Meets Death.

Havana, Aug. 23.—General Quentin Bandera, the famous negro leader of Havana province, who recently headed an insurgent band and began operating against the government, was killed early this morning in an encounter with rural guards.

The fight with Bandera's band occurred at 8 o'clock this morning. A force of 100 mounted rural guards, which had for three days been seeking to surround the insurgent force commanded by Bandera finally succeeded after the veteran commander had pitched his camp for the night. In addition to Bandera, two of his followers were killed, but none was captured.

The body of the negro General Quentin Bandera, the most daring insurgent

GEN. QUENTIN BANDERA.

in Havana province, lies in the morgue at Havaan today anked by those of two mulatto comrades, all frightfully gashed by the long, heavy machetes of the rural guards who ended their career. Across the street, in Neptune park a great crowd, mostly negro friends of Bandera are watching the morgue with silent interest.

The arrival of Bandera's body here was the first news of the fight in which he met his death. The conflict occurred at the Silveira farm, near Puenta Brunta, fifteen miles from Havana.

It was announced from Havana, Aug. 20, that General Quentin Bandera, who greatly distinguished himself in the Cuban war for independence, had left Arroyo Arenas, twelve miles west of Havana, with about twenty insurgents whose numbers it was believed were augmented later by a force armed with guns and ammunition which set out from Havana. The next day it was reported that Bandera had been wounded in the head in a skirmish.

Bandera was about sixty years old. He took part in the ten-year war, as well as in the war for Cuban independence. He was well known in every province of Cuba, and had great influence with the colored people.

When in Havana Bandera was in the habit of gathering crowds of negroes about him and making speeches to them on the ingratitude of republics. On one occasion he went to the senate chamber and delivered a violent speech, criticising the government for not giving him an office. Soon afterwards he was appointed doorkeeper of the house of parliament. The position which Bandera aspired to was that of chief of police.

COSSACKS REBELLING.

Censorship Exercised Over Press Dispatches.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 23.—The Associated Press learns by mail that the strictest censorship is now exercised over press dispatches in the Caucasus to conceal the true state of affairs, both regarding the true inwardness of the Tartar-Armenian warfare and the fermentation among the Russian troops in the garrisoned towns of Trans-Caucasia. The correspondent of the Associated Press has not been permitted to telegraph many items of news and in other cases the censor would only accept his dispatches when supported by the official version of the affairs they reported.

The Armenian-Tartar situation is worse than is known to the outside. Almost all the Russian military units are disaffected and even the Cossacks are rebelling against doing police duty. The latest mutiny is that of the Poltava Cossacks, who several days ago at Tiflis demanded to be relieved from police duty and asked for the discharge of those who had served over three years. The entire regiment was disarmed and confined in their barracks under guard.

Another version of the Dashlagar affair, in which a number of officers were killed, is to the effect that the sailors of the Black sea fleet implicated in the Kniaz-Potemkine mutiny, who were attached to a disciplinary battalion at the village of Kusar, on the Caspian sea, near Dashlagar, had been in communication with the Samur regiment which constituted the garrison of Samur.

TO OPPOSE UNCLE SAM

Club Formed in Costa Rica Hostile to United States.

San Jose, Costa Rica, Aug. 23.—At a preliminary meeting of the American Club the views and objects of that organization were formulated. It is declared to be the purpose of the club "to work for the union of Latin America and to be prepared to oppose the United States in its work of annihilation of Latin American commercial independence." The Monroe doctrine, in President Roosevelt's point of view, is declared to be a menace to all Latin American countries. The program adopted declares that the association is not formed against the United States, but in opposition to the alleged purpose of that country. The motto of the club, with which it proposes to conduct a propaganda, is: "Latin America for the world and the world for humanity."

BALKED AT JIM CROW CAR

Ellis, of New York, Refused to Leave Pullman in Texas.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 27.—W. H. Ellis, of New York, the negro whose trips to Abyssinia and friendship for King Menelik have given him wide notoriety, refused to obey the separate coach law in his trip through Texas on his way east from Mexico. He occupied a Pullman section, and when the railroad and train authorities ordered him to get out and occupy the negro compartment of the day coach he refused to obey the command.

The railroad threatened force, but he paid no attention to the threats. He was raised in San Antonio and was well known to some of the railroad officials. The railroads over which he traveled are subject to heavy fines for violating the separate coach law.

GENERAL KILLED BY GIRL

Emperor's Adjutant Shot While at a Railroad Station.

Warsaw, Aug. 27.—General Von Llarliarski, acting military governor-general of Warsaw, was shot and killed at 2 o'clock this afternoon while driving in a cab. The assassin escaped.

This morning an unknown man warned the cabmen of this city not to drive any of the generals.

General Vonliarliarski was driving in a carriage from the commandant's office to his residence. As the general's driver slackened speed at a place where the sereet was torn up for repaving, an unknown young man fired four shots at Vonliarliarski through the top of the carriage, one of the bullets entering the general's breast under the heart. The coachman whipped up his horses and drove at full speed to the hospital, where the general died almost instantly.

Vonliarliarski had only recently been appointed acting military governor of this city.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 27.—Saturday's unsuccessful attempt on the life of Premier Stolypin, with its slaughter of thirty-two persons was followed Sunday by another revolutionary outrage.

General Min, commander of the Seminovsky Guard regiment, and who, since his promotion to be a general has been attached as a personal adjutant to the suite of the emperor, was killed on the station platform at Peterhof by a young woman, who fired five shots into his body from an automatic revolver and then, without resistance, submitted to arrest.

The capture of the girl was effected by General Min's wife, who held her until the arrival of an officer.

Third Successive Attempt.

This was the third successive attempt on the life of General Min, who was condemned to death by the Terrorists immediately after the Moscow revolt last December on account of the stern repression practiced by a battalion under his command and especially for the wholesale execution of persons condemned by drumhead court martial for being caught with arms in their hands.

General Min was returning from the capital to his summer residence at Peterhof, and had just greeted his wife and daughter on the platform when a young woman—almost a girl—approached from behind and fired two shots into his back and then three more into his body as it sank to the ground. Further shots were prevented by Madame Min, who threw herself upon the murderess and seized the hand which held the pistol. The woman did not attempt to escape, but she cautioned Madame Min not to touch a handbag which she had placed on the platform before shooting the general, explaining that it contained a bomb.

Refused to Give Name.

To the police the girl acknowledged that she had done the deed, saying she had executed the sentence of the fighting organization of the Social Revolutionists, but she refused to give her name.

LOOKED LIKE TREPOFF

Attempt Made to Kill Baron Stahl, It Is Said.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 27.—An unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Baron Stahl is reported to have been made in the park at Peterhof last night, but the story is denied. A number of arrests were, however, made in the park during the evening.

Baron Stahl bears some resemblance to General Trepoff, commander of the district. A number of officers who might be mistaken for General Trepoff have taken the precaution to have their beards shaved off.

ASSASSINATION REPORTED

Colonel Rieman Said to Have Been Killed.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 27.—A report reached here late this afternoon that Colonel Rieman, of the Seminovsky guard regiment, had been assassinated at Luga, where he stopped while on his way to Warsaw to take up a position on the staff of General Skallon, governor general of Warsaw.

The report has not yet been confirmed, though four officers of the Seminovsky regiment are said to have left St. Petersburg today to identify the body.

Premier's Children Better.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 27.—The daughter of Premier Stolypin, who was injured by the bomb explosion in the premier's summer home, Saturday, and who was erroneously reported to have died, is still alive, and passed a quiet night under the effects of an opiate. The premier's son, who also was hurt, is better.

Bomb Thrower Identified.

London, Aug. 27.—Dispatches from St. Petersburg to the newspapers this morning supply some further details concerning the attempt on the life of the Russian premier, M. Stolypin. It is stated that the man who threw or dropped the bomb was named Morosoff, and that he was a native of Ryazan province. Among the killed were nearly all the agents of the secret police in the house, including four women detectives. Several persons were warned beforehand that an attempt on the life of the premier would be made.

Mme. Davidoff, wife of the court chamberlain who was killed, said that her husband received a post card Friday saying: "Do not go where you intend going."

Another official, named Pisemsky, received a similar warning.

Sought Life of Kaulbars.

Odessa, Aug. 27.—Late Saturday evening a girl dropped a bomb in the Nicholas boulevard, fifty paces from the palace of Governor Kaulbars. There was a deafening detonation and a wild stampede of the promenaders. No one was injured except the girl who dropped the bomb, whose hands were shattered.

It is supposed that the bomb accidentally fell from her hand before she reached the entrance to the palace. She and another girl and a university student who was accompanying them were arrested.

Find Many Explosives.

Hamburg, Aug. 27.—A search of the room occupied by a young Russian who was arrested here disclosed quantities of explosives, a number of revolvers and bills of lading for shipments of ammunition and explosives to Russian Baltic ports.

VICEROY GIVEN NOTICE

Chinks Must Not Hinder American Commerce.

Hong Kong, Aug. 24.—The American consul general has sent a dispatch to the viceroy of Canton requesting him to suppress the boycott association for the hindrance of American commerce.

The association recently held several monster meetings.

MRS. LANGTRY LOSES VOICE

London, Aug. 25.—Mrs. Langtry, the actress, has suffered an entire loss of voice which is attributed to nervous shock.

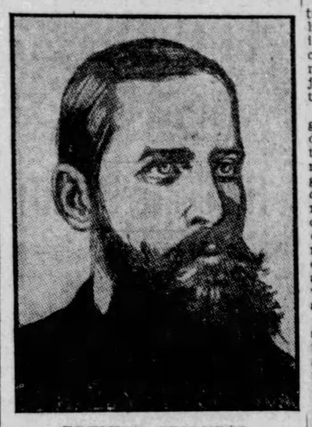
It is uncertain when she will again be able to appear on the stage.

TRIED TO KILL STOLYPIN

Reb Throws Bomb in Reception Room of House.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 25.—Four revolutionists arrived at M. Stolypin's villa on Aptekarsky island, at 3:20 p. m. today, in a coach. Two of them were dressed in the uniforms of officers of gendarmes; the third was dressed as a driver and was on the box of the conch, and the fourth man was in private clothes.

Two of the men entered the villa under the pretext of making an im-



PREMIER STOLYPIN.

portant report to the premier, but they were not permitted to enter his office. One of the men threw a bomb into the reception room and a terrible explosion followed. The house was nearly destroyed, the man who threw the bomb was killed, but the premier, who was in his office, was uninjured. His daughter is said to have had both her legs broken, and the premier's three-year-old son was severely wounded.

Firemen who arrived on the scene immediately after the explosion found a horrible scene. Many mutilated corpses were lying around the spot where the bomb exploded.

About fifty persons were killed or wounded.

Among those killed was General Zameatien, who during the war with Japan, was chief of communications.

The two revolutionists who remained in the coach were severely wounded by the explosion of the bomb.

General Zameatin was the premier's personal secretary.

Colonel Stein, who was chief of police at the Taurida palace, where the lower house of parliament held its sessions, was also killed.

DEMOLISH 3,000 HOUSES

Valparaiso Has Difficulty in Burying Dead.

Valparaiso, Chile, Aug. 23.—Some of the business houses here reopened today for the first time since the earthquake. Telephone and telegraphic communication with Santiago has been re-established but the lines are used almost exclusively by the government officials.

The city still is under martial law. Traffic ceases at 6 o'clock in the evening and everybody is compelled to take some part in the work of restoring normal conditions.

As a first installment, the government has appropriated $4,000,000 for the relief of the destitute.

The customs house was reopened today and traffic by water and by rail has been resumed. The postal service also is in operation.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the authorities is the interment of the bodies recovered from the ruins as all the cemeteries were destroyed. At the various temporary morgues, heaps of coffins have accumulated, awaiting the designation of their place of burial. The work of recovering bodies is being pushed to the utmost in order to avoid an epidemic, in fear of which many families are leaving the city.

Through the whole length of Brazil avenue and all over Victoria square large sheds have been constructed to shelter the homeless from the severe rains. Survivors of the the earthquake say that during the shocks it was impossible to stand erect without support.

Provinces Sending Supplies.

A movement is on foot to organize a company to facilitate the raising of the money necessary to reconstruct the city. It is proposed to advance the sums needed without interest for the first six months. The plan is to construct the new buildings of light materials and to lay out the streets so that they will have a uniform width of twenty metres. All the provinces of the north and south which have not suffered from the earthquake are sending supplies of food and money to the stricken cities and towns.

The department of public works at Santiago has appropriated $100,000 for the construction of sheds to shelter the refugees from Valparaiso and elsewhere who continue to arrive at the Chilean capital in large numbers.

The railroad line between Limache and Quilpue, in addition to suffering severely from the earthquake shocks of August 16, has several enormous crevices newly formed in its vicinity.

Valparaiso still is without street lights but order is maintained, owing to the severity of the authorities, who shoot all persons caught committing robberies.

Among the buildings which fell at the time of the earthquake are the Palace of Justice and the Maritime Prefecture.

To Demolish 3,000 Houses.

It was announced today that the ministry of public works had been advised that it will be necessary to demolish more than 3,000 houses here, as the result of damages which they received during the recent earthquake. Energetic measures have been taken to suppress all overcharging for the necessaries of life by merchants here. The municipality is now selling fresh meat to the inhabitants. The street car service in Santiago has been suspended, owing to the lack of coal at the powerhouses.

BOMB KILLS 3 POLICEMEN

Cossacks Fire and Wound Several Passersby.

Berlin, Aug. 25.—A dispatch from Kattawitz announces that a bomb was thrown at Bendzin, Poland, today, killing Police Captain Jakubik and two policemen and dangerously wounding another policeman. The bomb was evidently intended for Jakubik, who commanded a patrol which, on Monday killed a Jew. The explosion destroyed the district police office.

A detachment of Cossacks fired several volleys and wounded a number of passersby.

LAND OWNERS' PANIC.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 22.—Official statistics show the extent of the panic among the land owners. Since last November 1,702,557 dessiatines (a dessiatine is a little over two and a half acres) of land were offered to the Peasants' bank at about $63 per dessiatine, but the amount actually bought and sold to the peasants is not stated. The bank is paying for the land in notes worth in the market $65 and selling it to the peasants on installments sufficient to meet the interest and amortization of the notes. In some places, it is stated, the land question is settling itself by this method.

OFFERS NO COMPROMISE

Cuba to Use Arms for Re-establishment of Peace.

Havana, Aug. 27.—A party of insurgents commanded by Colonel Sanchez entered the town of Bejucal, province of Havana, at 11 o'clock last night, fortified themselves and fought all night against an attacking force of government recruits and rural guards without any other result than three of the defenders of the place and one rural guard being killed.

Havana, Aug. 27.—President Palma today gave out a statement in which he says that the insurrection has no ideals and no program, and that the cries which the insurgents raised do not constitute a program, ideals, or a justification for the movement. Continuing, the president says:

"All revolutions must have a program, as had our revolution for independence in 1895. Everybody at that time knew that the Cubans had revolted against Spain and had engaged in an open fight for the liberty of their country. The present movement is more of a local adventure, only a crazy movement on the part of discontented persons. There is no moral reason for it. The government could suspend the constitutional guarantees, but it prefers to preserve the vigor and hope of the people and avoid possible excesses.

"The medical force has been instructed to attend to all prisoners and to give wounded or sick insurgents the same attention as wounded or sick men belonging to the government forces. Any insurgent repenting of his act can return within the pale of the law and may not be molested. The government will have no petty spite or feeling of rancor against those who return to their senses and abandon the cause of disorder."

Government Must Be Stable.

President Palma is not disposed to employ any other method than that of arms for the re-establishment of peace. He declared energetically that the government here would absolutely never compromise with any form of disturbers of order. The government was legitimately constituted, was bound by its imperious duty, and must demonstrate that it is stable and able to safeguard property, life and the happiness of the republic at present and in the future. Any compromise would sow the seed of armed revolution throughout the country.

Malcontents were always extant, it being impossible to find public positions for every one. To compromise with the disturbers now would result in further disturbance every few years.

"Suppressing the insurgents now will forevermore guarantee the stability of the Cuban institutions, while dickering with them would expose the country to another disturbance of the peace in the near future.

Would Sacrifice Life for Cause.

"This is my firm resolution," President Palma declared, "and I shall maintain it at the cost of life.

"I understand my duties and responsibilities to the people. Such is the only method of defending Cuba's institutions and civilization."

Senor Palma referred to his own sacrifices, long years in the field, imprisonment and services while a member of the junta, and said:

Means to Have Clear Record.

"Poor I returned to my country as President, and poor shall I return to private life. I shall, however, have a clear record and a good name. I am disposed to exhaust my forces and shed my blood if necessary in helping to strengthen the foundations of our prosperous republic."

Font Sterling, secretary of the treasury, asserts that the relentless pursuing of Mendieta's force by Major Gomez on August 25 and 26, caused the former's followers to fall rapidly away until Mendieta himself went to Santa Clara City, where he expected to find friends and allies.

DEATH IS LURKING NEAR

Shah of Persia In a Critical Condition.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 25.—The health of the Shah of Persia, according to competent advices received here from Teheran, is the subject of the gravest alarm.

The Persian ruler was greatly enfeebled by the recent apoplectic stroke suffered, and late events have aggravated his malady. In spite, however, of the serious nature of the crisis through which Persia is now passing, diplomatic circles here are convinced that the demise of the shah will not be accompanied by a serious convulsion in the empire as Great Britain and Russia are now acting in harmony to preserve order in Persia, and their influence will have great weight with the people.

PULAJANES HAVE SPLIT

Main Band Broken Into Small Bodies.

Manila, Aug. 27.—It is officially reported that the main band of the Pulajanes has broken into smaller bodies.

A general movement of 1,000 troops and 300 constabulary through all parts of the disaffected regions is planned. A part of the province of Leyte, south of Buyog Bay has been cleared of Pulajanes.

There is no disaffection on the west coast except a few bands which have escaped the soldiers. On the east coast native volunteers are bringing in prisoners. Governor Veyra reports that hundreds of natives have volunteered to help the troops.

GERMANY HAS A QUAKE

Frightened Inhabitants Fled Into Streets.

Berlin, Aug. 22.—A sharp earthquake shock was felt today at Zabonze, near Kattowitz, Upper Silesia.

Doors were forced open, pictures and mirrors fell to the floor, and the frightened inhabitants fled into the streets. The walls of a number of houses were cracked.

Slight Shocks Continue.

London, Aug. 22. — A cable dispatch filed late last night by the agent at Valparaiso of Huth & Co., says that slight shocks continue and that further large fires have occurred there.

TRIED TO KILL TREPOFF

Attempt Made to Poison the General, It Is Said.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 23.—A story is in circulation here that an attempt has been made to poison General Trepoff, commandant of the Imperial palace, whose illness has just been announced.

The general's cook and three other servants have been arrested, it is said.

AMERICAN IS RELEASED

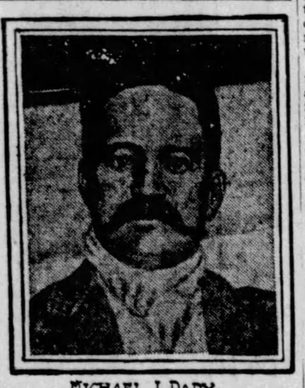
Cubans Thought That Dady Was a Filibuster.

Havana, Cuba, Aug. 27.—Michael J. Dady, a Brooklyn politician, was arrested in Cardenas by government forces. Mr. Dady, accompanied by an official of the department of public works, was making certain tests on his dredging contract in Cardenas bay. The government forces thought them filibusters and arrested and detained them for some time and then released them.

Michael J. Dady was awarded the contract for dredging the harbor of Cardenas in April, 1901, for a consideration said to be $550,000.

Early in 1904 he struck an asphalt bed in the harbor from which he expected to receive sufficient return to compensate him for his losses on the dredging work, which had not proved as lucrative as he had hoped.

This contract was looked upon as balm for Mr. Dady for his failure to land contracts for repaving and constructing a sewerage system in Havana. After negotiations which lasted seven



MICHAEL J. DADY.

years the contract was awarded to another firm. Mr. Dady asserted at the time that he received $250,000 in equity for the $1,000,000 that the contract was expected to pay.

Several times the Havana agreement was awarded to him, but as often rejected by the council or vetoed by the mayor. Mr Dady protested to no avail, and even reduced his bid, but finally lost.

5,000 GET 20 PER CENT

60 Policemen Overwhelmed by Rush at Stensland's Bank.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—Sixty policemen were overwhelmed today by a mad rush of men and women, who were determined to get the first money paid out of the vaults of the ruined Milwaukee Avenue State bank.

Receiver Fetzer had made arrangements to pay 20 per cent to 5,000 of the 22,000 depositors, and everybody was anxious to be among the 5,000.

At daybreak the crowds commenced to gather around the bank, and by 8 o'clock the bank was surounded by 5,000 people. Sixty policemen had been sent to the bank, but they were unable to handle the crowd, the greater part of which were unable to understand the English language. Forty more officers were finally sent to the bank, and order was even then restored with difficulty.

It seemed impossible to make the depositors comprehend that although only 5,000 were to be paid today, the others would be paid just as much within the next few days. At one time the crowd threatened to fairly storm the bank as, waving their passbooks in the air, they rushed for the doors, shouting in Bohemian, Polish, Norwegian, Italian and English The receiver was all day paying the 5,000, and will pay as many tomorrow.

CITIZENS SUED FOR WRECKING COURT HOUSE

Aberdeen, S. D., Aug. 25.—The county commissioners of Walaworth county have instructed State's Attorney Carl F. Cleiant to bring suit against fifty citizens of Selby for $10,000 damages for the destruction of the court house at Bangor in December, 1904.

Bangor was declared the county seat after an election. Selby contested, and secured a judgment by alleged default. Selby citizens then went to Bangor, tore down the court house and removed the records to their town. The court's order was subsequently vacated. The decision was affirmed by the supreme court and the records were returned to Bangor a few weeks ago.

BANDITS CUT OFF EARS

Looters Continue Work in Valparaiso.

Lima, Peru, Aug. 23.—Further details received here today from Valparaiso show that out of forty employes of the telephone company there thirty-eight were killed. When the house of President-elect Montt collapsed his wife fell from the balcony into the street, and bandits who were passing cut off her ears and fingers to rob her of her jewelry. She was taken in a dying state on board the Chilean warship O'Higgins.

Among the dead at Valparaiso is Frederico Varella, the famous capitalist and politician.

Heavy rains have been falling at Valparaiso, which have increased the hardships endured by the many thousands of people camping in the streets and squares or on the hills surrounding the city.

Considerable alarm is felt here in view of the conditions in Chile, as no food supplies are coming from that republic to Peru, and the latter country does not produce sufficient for the use of its inhabitants. Therefore partial starvation, at least, it is feared, faces the middle and poorer classes of the Peruvian population.

Secretary Root is expected to arrive here early in September.

SET HERSELF ON FIRE

"Holy Rollers" Woman Burns Body as Sacrifice.

San Bernardino, Cal., Aug. 25.—In an excess of religious zeal following the advent of the "Holy Rollers" in Southern California, Mrs. Joseephine Burton Young yesterday deliberateely set herself on fire, hoping by the martyrdom of flames to reach the heavenly throne. She drank oil from a lamp, poured oil over her hair and dress, lit a match and soon was writhing in flames. Screaming, she ran through the yard, her agonized cries being mingled with prayers such as the "Holy Rollers" use. Her husband caught her and smothered the flames, but the woman is dying. Mrs. Young is one of several women in the community who have become fanatics after attendance at the meetings of the strange sect which teaches that sacrifices like those in Biblical days are still necessary.

GREATER THAN 'FRISCO

Chilean Rural Districts Damage Will Boost Valparaiso Sum.

Lima, Peru, Aug. 25.—There was great alarm in this city last night, owing to the prediction of a strong earthquake shock both here and at Callao.

Many families in both places spent the whole night in the streets and public squares.

The authorities tried their best to calm the people, but found it impossible.

Santiago, Chile, Aug. 25.—A conservative estimate places the property loss at Valparaiso as a result of the earthquakes and fires at $200,000,000. The loss in the rural districts will be immense, as not only the residences of the landed proprietors but the huts of the laborers have been completely destroyed, and in many places the bridges and fences and telegraph and telephone posts have been thrown down. No passenger trains have arrived here from Valparaiso since August 16.

It is insisted here that the effect of the disaster in the number of deaths and the amount of property destroyed is probably greater than was the case in San Francisco.

Valparaiso is the greatest sea port of the republic and its commerce exceeds that of any Pacific port except San Francisco.

The entire lower part of the city is completely destroyed and the loss of life is felt throughout Chile because all parts of the country were represented there.

Heavy rains are still falling at Valparaiso, making the misery still greater. Donations for the relief of the sufferers are arriving here from all parts of the world.

Some idea of the state of affairs existing can be formed from the fact that a man rode on horseback from Valparaiso to Santiago, a distance of 80 miles, and could not obtain food or drink for himself or his horse during the entire distance, owing to the desolation prevailing.

Valparaiso, Aug. 25.—The minister of the interior has sent the following dispatch to President Riesco at Santiago:

"Business is being resumed here. All classes of the population are taking part in the work of repairing damage. All the committees are accomplishing their tasks with the greatest zeal. If fresh meat runs short I shall cause frozen meat from Magallanes to be sold. Many of the homeless people are in need of clothing. Provisions are running short at Iquique because the supplies have been retained here."

President Riesco continues to receive telegrams of condolence from foreign governments. The newspaper buildings were not so badly damaged as at first supposed. That of the Mercurio is intact. All the newspapers will reappear tomorrow. There were some slight earthquake shocks at 8:15 p. m. yesterday, but no further damage was done.

NO HEED PAID TO BRYAN

Illinois Democrats Refuse to Repudiate Sullivan.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 22.—For State Treasurer—N. L. Piotrowski, of Chicago.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—Miss Caroline Groute, of Pike county.

For Trustees of the University of Illi-

ROGER SULLIVAN.

nois—Daniel R. Cameron, of Chicago; John S. Cuneo, of Chicago; Miss Clara Bourland, of Peoria.

By a vote of 1,038 to 570, the Democratic convention placed upon the table the request of William J. Bryan for the resignation of Roger Sullivan from the national committee.

Despite the fact that Mr. Bryan declared that he did not wish to be endorsed unless Sullivan was repudiated, the convention declared him to be the one and only man capable of leading the Democratic party to victory in 1908.

The endorsement of Bryan and the tabling of the motion calling for the resignation of Mr. Sullivan came at the close of a most exciting session of the convention in which there were several fights and throughout which confusion reigned supreme. The committee on resolutions declined to report a plank calling for the resignation of Sullivan, and the debate followed upon a motion made in the convention by Judge Owen Thompson, of Jacksonville, calling for Sullivan's resignation.

It had been agreed that each side should have 45 minutes in which to present its side of the case and Judge Thompson was the first advocate of the cause of Mr. Bryan. He aroused the hostility of Sullivan's friends by the unsparing manner in which he dwelt upon the last Democratic convention at Springfield. He strode up and down the platform, his face white with wrath and his form shaking with the intensity of his feelings. His caustic criticisms finally lost him the ear of the convention and he might never have been able to conclude his speeech if Sullivan had not personally requested quiet.

Sullivan, who followed Thompson, and who was the first speaker in his own behalf, declared that the ear of Mr. Bryan had been poisoned against him and that the demand for his resignation sprang from his personal enemies.

Great feeling was displayed on both sides during the debate, and at times personalities of a disagreeable character were made by various speakers.

The end came on a motion made by ex-Congressman Kern, of Belleville, that the request for the resignation of Sullivan be laid on the table. Feeling during the roll call on this proposition ran very high.

MRS. LONGWORTH CHOSEN

President's Daughter to Unveil McKinley Statue.

Cincinnati, Aug. 23.—Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, wife of Congressman Longworth and daughter of President Roosevelt, has accepted an invitation to unveil the statue of William McKinley at Columbus, O., September 14.

GOMEZ PLACED IN JAIL

Former Candidate for Presidency Behind Bars.

Havana, Aug. 24.—Jose Miguel Gomez, who was a candidate for the presidency last fall, and who was arrested August 21 at his residence near Sancti Spiritus, province of Santa Clara, arrived here from Batabano on a special train early this morning, and had been escorted to the city jail before his arrival in this city became known.

Gomez, in an interview with the correspondent of the Associated Press in the city jail, later in the day said:

"I declare that I have never had any knowledge of this unfortunate con-

J. M. GOMEZ.

flict and that if I had conspired against President Palma's administration I have more than sufficient pride to boldly admit it now. You may assure the people of the United States that I have not conspired to disturb the peace and prosperity of the country."

Gomez declared that he had been arrested because many of his friends were in arms and he reiterated his denial of complicity in the insurrection. He made no complaint of the treatment which he had been subjected to as a prisoner. He was allowed to see his friends, but his detention at various places on the way from Sancti Spiritus to Havana, in order to avoid the insurgents and the trip from Cienfuegos to Batabano on the small gunboat Alacranes were not pleasant experiences.

Secretary of Gomez Arrested.

Havana, Aug. 24.—Orestes Ferrara, who was the campaign secretary and manager of Jose Miguel Gomez, and who was with him in New York several months ago, after Gomez gave up his presidential campaign, was arrested in the city of Santa Clara, today on the charge of conspiracy.

Ferrara is suspected of trying to secure arms and ammunition in the United States for the use of the insurgents.

STANDARD IS INDICTED

Federal Grand Jury at Jamestown, N. Y., Turns Trick.

Jamestown, N. Y., Aug. 25.—The New York Central Railroad company was indicted by the Western New York federal grand jury yesterday afternoon on a charge of giving discriminating and unlawful freight rates on shipments of oil by the Standard Oil company, and of unlawfully failing to file a schedule of such rates with the interstate commerce commission at Washington.

The Standard Oil company was again indicted on a charge of accepting unlawful and discriminating freight rates on shipments of oil over the Pennsylvania, the New York Central and the Vermont Central Railroad companies.

The indictments are closely related to those found by the same jury two weeks ago against the Standard Oil company and the Pennsylvania in the matter of discriminating rates for oil shipped by the Standard from Olean to Burlington, Vermont.

CEMETERY WAS FLOODED

200 Bodies Exposed to View in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Aug. 23.—The washing out of graves at Elmwood cemetery by torrential rains today exposed nearly 200 bodies to view.

The cemetery grounds, which are five miles from the business center of the city, were flooded. Monuments toppled over and other damage done. Much damage was done in the country districts.

In the city 5.93 inches of water fell in three and one-half hours, a record for that length of time. The police and fire departments rescued many persons from basements in the north end of town, and in the east and west bottoms, where the water entered many small houses.

Heaviest Rain in Years.

El Paso, Texas, Aug. 23. — The heaviest rain in nine years fell here last night, the total precipitation being 2.44 in two hours. Many Mexican houses collapsed under last night's rain and the streets were badly washed. The railroads are all damaged.

PORTO RICANS ARRIVE

Will Be Used on Sugar Plantations in the South.

New Orleans, Aug. 23.—One hundred Porto Ricans, to be tried as an experiment on Louisiana sugar plantations, landed here from the steamer Arcadia, having shipped at San Juan.

The experiment is being made under the auspices of the Louisiana Immigration League. If it is a success large numbers of the islanders will be brought here to supply the annual labor scarcity on the plantations.

On the arrival of the Arcadia the laborers were taken on board a tug to Avondale, and from there will be distributed along the route of the Southern Pacific railroad.

NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS

State Convention Nominates Sheldon for Governor.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 23.—The Republican state convention adjourned at 2 o'clock this morning after nominating Norris Brown for United States senator; Geo. L. Sheldon, for governor; Melville R. Hopewell, for lieutenant-governor; Geo. C. Junkin, for secretary of state; L. S. Brian, for treasurer, and W. T. Thompson, for attorney-general.

DRIFTED OVER 5,000 MILES

Bottle Set Afloat on Delaware River Picked Up at Azores.

Middletown, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Eighteen months ago Miss Lizzie Weldman, of Portland, Pa., wrote her address and that of two friends on a scrap of paper, corked it up in a bottle, and threw the bottle into the Delaware river, near home. She had forgotten the incident when she received a letter from the island of Flores, one of the Azores, that a bottle containing her address had been picked up there. The bottle had drifted more than 3,000 miles.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

MIDDLE AGED CAPITALIST, lonesome, desires companionship of loving wife. Rich or poor makes no difference. Write Box 420, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WEALTHY Ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry, photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Colo.

BARTENDER CONVERTED

He Was Made Chief of Police —Lid Now Down Tight.

Wayland, Mich., Aug. 25.—A week ago William Plockstead, in white apron, was taking in nickels over a bar for lager beer. Today the same William Plockstead is chief of police of Wayland and has clamped down the lid so tightly that not a glass of beer is sold after hours and no saloonkeeper dares open his doors on Sunday.

The bartender was suddenly converted and quit his job declaring that he would devote his life to the interests of law and order. He had mixed some in local politics and had worked up quite a following.

Plockstead asked the mayor to make him chief of police. He mapped out for the executive his plans for enforcing the closing laws, was appointed and unanimously confirmed by the council. Without waiting to don his uniform the exbartender chief personally notified every saloonkeeper that the lid was on, and on to stay.

Chief Plockstead says he will arrest the first man that violates the liquor and gambling laws. His appointment will be made an issue at the next municipal election.

HOKE SMITH WINS OUT

Sure of Democratic Nomination for Governor.

Atlanta, Ga., Aug. 23.—The state Democratic primaries resulted in a victory for Hoke Smith, candidate for governor, unprecedented in the size of the plurality. Of the 145 counties in the state, Smith carried probably 110. By the returns, Hoke Smith will have 219 votes in the state convention, out of 366.

Mr. Howell's paper, the Constitution, in its first edition, concedes more than 100 counties to Hoke Smith, and says his nomination for governor on the first ballot is assured.

In the city primaries, Capt. W. R. Joyner, for twenty years chief of the fire department, was nominated for mayor by a majority of 255 votes.

GETTING THINGS READY

Government Soon to Start After Powder Trust.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 23.—Robert S. Waddell, president of the Buckeye Powder company, announced that the United States government was preparing to begin prosecution against the Dupont Powder company for being an illegal corporation and conducting a monopoly of the powder business of the country. The assistant attorney general has been in Peoria for three weeks with Mr. Waddell getting information, and Mr. Waddell has also been in Washington, New York and Philadelphia in conference with the attorney general, who says that prosecution will be begun in the fall. The action is a result of the fight against the Dupont people begun last winter by Mr. Waddell, who charged that the government was being forced to pay an exorbitant price for smokeless powder.

HAD NAP IN THE CLOUDS

Julian P. Thomas in Balloon for Twenty-four Hours.

New York, Aug. 27.—Dr. Julian P. Thomas, the amateur aeronaut, who, with his brother, Jefferson Davis Thomas, of Augusta, Ga., made a balloon ascension here Saturday evening, returned to his residence in 72nd street last night, after having been in the air for nearly 24 hours and having passed through two states and reaching an altitude of about 10,000 feet. His voyage ended in Oakdale, Sullivan county, this state. Dr. Thomas said:

"During the trip, the propeller, which was carried for the first time, worked nicely. I found that we were able to go either to the left or right, and, in fact, turn the balloon completely around.

"About 9 o'clock the wind gave out and so we made preparations for a descent. This we did successfully. We reached Breemerville, N. J., and there made a descent. We had supper and stayed in a farm house all night. Shortly after 8 o'clock yesterday morning we again ascended. We went up through the clouds and reached an altitude of ten thousand feet. I then slept for an hour.

"When I awoke I discovered that we were descending rapidly, in fact we were going down almost in a straight line. We then made preparations to land, but coming out of the clouds found us over a forest. Thowing out the guy rope we caught hold of a tree and pulled ourselves to the earth."

REPORT FROST IN IOWA

Corn Crop Safe—Coldest August Day in Years.

Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 27.—Frost was reported in Iowa lowlands today for the first time this season, although it is not thought the great Iowa corn crop will suffer damage because of it.

The mercury dropped as low as 40 at Cedar Rapids and Creston, the coldest August day for 15 years. Charles City reported light frosts although the temperature was 42.

"GARDEN OF EDEN" MOVES

Unclad Religious Fanatics Begin March to Coast.

Oklahoma City, Okla., Aug. 27.—James F. Sharp, who says he is Adam, and a band of half-clad followers, numbering about fifty, marched through the streets from their abandoned camp outside the city. They are on their way to the Pacific coast.

Sharp led a parade of nude persons through the streets here a year ago, which resulted in several arrests and in one of the band being sent to the asylum. He returned here a few weeks ago and established a camp east of town, where many of his followers went without clothing, under the belief that they were in the Garden of Eden. They were arrested time and time again and fined. Sharp says that it was a case of persecution and decided to go to the coast.

In the parade through the streets were many little children, who had marched for eight miles without stopping and were hardly able to walk. Covered wagons containing a dozen or more babies brought up the rear of the parade.

AGED TOILER GETS $60,000

Street Sweeper in Michigan Inherits Bunch of Money.

South Haven, Mich., Aug. 23.—Elia Pinchin, who has just inherited $60,000 from the estate of a wealthy relative in England, will lay down the broom with which he has for three years earned his living in the ranks of the city street sweepers. Mr. Pinchin, who is 75 years old and has always been a hard worker, asking no odds on account of age, was at one time possessed of considerable property, but lost it all ten years ago, and went sturdily to work with his hands to support himself.

HAS HOPES FOR KOREA

At Present Is Not Able to Care for Itself.

Berlin, Aug. 28.—The correspondent of the Lokal Anzeiger at Seoul has had an interview with the Marquis Ito, the Japanese resident general, who said that many Japanese wanted to annex Korea to Japan, but the emperor of Japan and the Marquis Ito

MARQUIS ITO

wanted to restore its independence as soon as Korea was strong enough to defend herself.

Japan, the Marquis added, could not allow another nation to attain predominant power in Korea, but all nations are to enjoy the open door policy. Marquis Ito in conclusion said he hoped in time to bring Korea into a state which would satisfy all nations.

JAPAN TO OPEN DALNY

Japanese Charge Notifies the State Department.

Washington, Aug. 28.—Mr. Miyaoka, the Japanese charge, called at the state department and advised Acting Secretary Adee that Japan will open Dalny to the commerce of all nations after September 1.

It is to be a free port, and no import or export duty will be levied on articles of commerce imported into or exported from Kwan-to-Shu through Dalny. From the same date ships of all nations will be permitted to ply and engage in traffic between Dalny, or Tairen, as the town is now called, and all the ports of Japan that are open to foreign commerce.

SERVANT HID JEWELRY

Theft of $50,000 Worth of Gems Just Brought to Light.

St. Louis, Aug. 28.—The theft of $50,000 worth of jewels by a Hindu servant during the world's fair has been brought to light by the finding of the gems in the ruins of the Manufacturers' building. The jewels were stolen from P. Henry Clayton, of Devonshire, England, and have been restored to him.

Mr. Clayton and his wife visited the fair. They were accompanied by a Hindu servant, who took the jewels, consisting of four five-carat diamonds, a necklace containing 152 pearls and a signet ring. Fearing discovery the Hindu secreted the jewels in the Manufacturers' building and was unable to recover them. He was fatally injured in India two months ago, and on his deathbed confessed to the robbery and gave such information as to lead to the location of the gems.

MEN ON RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP RAISE RED FLAG.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 28.—It is reported that news reached St. Petersburg that 21 men belonging to the battleship Pantlemoien, formerly the Kniaz Potemkine, on which a mutiny occurred last year, seized a cutter and landed on Berenzani island, where Lieut. Schmitt, the mutineer, was executed, and planted a red flag thereon. Meetings of seamen belonging to the Black Sea fleet are said to have been held at various places and reinforcements of troops are reported to have been sent to Odessa and Sebastopol.

DON'T WANT TO SHOW HAND

London Paper Against Anglo-American Gunnery Contest.

London, Aug. 28.—The Daily Chronicle publishes this morning articles deprecating the suggested Anglo-American gunnery contest and says the idea is one that should be nipped in the bud forthwith. "It is to the last degree undesirable that anyone should know too exactly how well or how badly we shoot in comparison with other navies."

The Daily Chronicle argues that gunnery emulation would be likely to produce a desire for a real test in war, and says:

"We do not want such hopes in the British or American navies; but an international shoot would certainly produce them."

SQUADRON TO GO TO ASIA

Washington, Aug. 28.—It is expected that very soon after the review of the Atlantic fleet by President Roosevelt the squadron of cruisers, under Rear Admiral Brownson, will sail for the Asiatic station by way of Europe and the Suez canal. These cruisers consist of the West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Colorado and Maryland, and are the largest and fastest of the warships, though not as heavily armed or with as much armor as the best battleships. The fleet will leave New York in time to reach Gibraltar by September 17. Admiral Brownson's squadron will not visit any northern countries while en route.

THE SPELLING NOW IN USE

Oyster Bay, Aug. 28.—President Roosevelt's correspondence is now spelled in accordance with the recommendation of the Carnegie spelling reform committee, of which Professor Brander Matthews is chairman. An official list of the 300 reformed words reached the executive office yesterday and the letters which were mailed yesterday afternoon were spelled in accordance therewith. This list will be the official dictionary of the executive staff hereafter, and when the committee shall add new words to the lists its recommendations are to be immediately adopted.

HEAVY QUAKE AGAIN FELT IN VALPARAISO.

Valparaiso, Aug. 28.—There was a heavy earthquake shock here yesterday, but no damage was done. Prominent citizens of Valparaiso met yesterday afternoon at the hall in the Mercurio building and discussed plans for the rebuilding of the city.

SEES BATTLE IN SIGHT

Senior Senator Leaves Capital for Ohio.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 28.—Senator Foraker changed his plans yesterday afternoon and left for Cincinnati. He will remain in Ohio until after the state convention. The senior senator no longer makes a secret of the fact that he expects a fight in the state convention. During the few days he was in Washington he began preparation for the approaching battle. By telegraph and telephone he was in touch with every part of the state and when he left for Ohio he was fairly well advised upon the situation.

Several propositions for compromises looking toward harmonious adjustment of the differences between him and the leaders, which are following the endorsement of the senators, were made to Senator Foraker, but were rejected. Nothing less than a cordial endorsement as given the President will be satisfactory to Senator Foraker. An effort is being made to induce Senator Dick to step aside and permit the selection of another state chairman on condition that the opposition to the endorsement of the senators be withdrawn.

Whether this program is adopted depends entirely upon the decision of Senator Dick. If Senator Dick insists upon being a candidate he will have the support of Senator Foraker. Some of Senator Foraker's friends are not any too friendly to Senator Dick, but not with Senator Foraker's consent will they join with the Burton-Daugherty forces in a fight upon Dick. As far as that is concerned Senator Dick is experiencing considerable difficulty in holding his forces together in support of Senator Foraker. It is almost a case of mixing oil and water to unite into a perfect harmonious organization the Foraker and Dick factions.

ORGANIZATION IN CHINA

House of Parliament May Be Formed.

Pekin, Aug. 28.—The dowager empress has appointed a committee consisting of Prince Chun, Viceroy Yuanshikai, the ministers of state, the members of the grand council and the

DOWAGER EMPRESS.

grand council and the grand secretaries to consider the reports of the Chinese commissioners, who recently returned from United States and to make recommendations upon the subject to the throne. The majority of the committee are elderly conservatives like Prince Ching and Wangwenshao.

Prince Chun is the amiable young prince who visited Germany in 1901 on a mission of apology for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, the German minister at Pekin. The only members of the committee who are rated as possessing constructive ability are Yuanshikai and Tiehliang.

The organization of an upper house of parliament from among the Chinese officials, as the beginning of a parliamentary government and afterwards, in some years, electing a lower house of parliament, is being discussed at the Chinese capital.

THREE SHIPS FOR $103

Spanish Boats Captured by Dewey Are Sold.

Washington, Aug. 27.—Three Spanish ships captured by Admiral Dewey, in Manila bay, May 1, 1898, were sold by the navy department today for $103. These ships were advertised at several Asiatic ports, the total cost of advertising being $28, and the navy department is quite well satisfied that the bids were sufficient to cover the expense of advertising.

The three ships are the Albay, Wanilemo and Mindanao. They have been stripped of everything movable and are simply old hulks practically useless for any purpose of the navy.

PERSIA NEAR A CRISIS

Entire Government Organization Collapsing.

London, Aug. 28.—The correspondent at Teheran, under date of August 25, declares a crisis is approaching in Persia; that with Russia paralyzed, Germany's great opportunity is at hand; that the entire government organization is collapsing; that the treasury is empty and that all the available securities are mortgaged, and that insurrections occur daily and are fast spreading, the only trustworthy troops in Teheran being the Cossack brigade, which also is beginning to get out of hand.

PHONETIC SPELLING IN SCHOOLS IN WASHINGTON

Washington, Aug. 28.—Superintendent Chancellor of the District of Columbia public schools, has announced that he would introduce the simplified spelling system alternatively in the higher grammar grades. The pupils will be given their choice of the old or the new. In the lower grades the old system will be continued.

35 COMPANIES PAY.

San Francisco, Aug. 28.—Thirty-five insurance companies out of the 120 involved in the San Francisco disaster have paid, in the aggregate, $55,103,863.22, according to their office records to date.

GUERRA STILL OBSTINATE

Rest of Insurgent Leaders in Cuba Ready to Quit.

Havana, Aug. 28.—Acting Secretary of the Interior Montalvo had a long conference this morning with General Rodriguez, commander of the rural guards, and directed him to continue the enlistment of recruits and to push the pursuit of the insurgents in all directions.

The only details received this morning by General Rodriguez of yesterday's engagement between the government forces and the insurgents near Cienfuegos, province of Santa Clara, were contained in the following dispatch from Colonel Valle, who commanded the detachment of rural guards and volunteers engaged:

"Insurgent parties under Guzman and Portela having camped near Abreus and commenced harassing the rural guards, we proceeded towards Abreus with a force of rural guards and volunteers and encountered the revolutionists, who were entrenched in the town of Abreus. We routed the enemy, killed many revolutionists and captured a quantity of arms and ammunition and a number of horses. Yesterday we continued our operations to Rodas, where our advance guard was charged by the revolutionists, who were holding the town and a little fort called De Piedra fort, where fierce fighting continued. The enemy was persistent, but the revolutionists were finally dispersed and ran away in different directions, leaving a large number of men killed in the streets. The full extent of the revolutionists' casualties is not yet known."

At the palace confidence is felt that the great body of rebels, who have been carried way with the idea that they were to have a conspicuous part in the overthrow in the Palma administration, will seize the present opportunity to return to lawful pursuits rather than jeopardize their liberty by further supporting what the government characterizes as a hopeless cause.

Ready to Disband.

Senator Dolz, the insurgent leader, following his conference with President Palma, declared today that with the exception of Pino Guerra, all the insurgent leaders were prepared to disband their men if assured of immunity. Guerra is yet to be reckoned with. If seemingly reliable reports can be credited he has with him a formidable body of men, but his recent inactivity leaves the impression that he desires rather to make a display of force than to do any severe fighting.

Failed to Make Good.

His earlier promises to capture Pinar Del Rio and then march upon Havana followed by a period of inactivity, has apparently injured his prestige among insurgents and sympathizers who had expected him to make a bold dash against the government forces.

Colonel Valle, of the rural guards, reported to the president by telegraph last night that he had defeated an insurgent force under General Guzman, near Cienfuegos, killing seventeen of the insurgents. The loss to the rural guards was one man and four horses.

Havana, Aug. 28.—That the insurrection is in a shaky condition seems to be a fact, although the end may not be as near as members of the government hope.

Ex-Congressman Fustino (Pino) Guerra, the insurgent leader, operating in the province of Pinar del Rio, in a signed statement telegraphed to the Associated Press, declares that he is as determined as ever that the last parliamentary election shall be annulled before there can be peace in Cuba.

That Guerra's force of 2,000 men is well armed and supplied with ammunition and food is amply verified. Their greatest drawback now is the lack of money, but the people of the western part of the Pinar del Rio are furnishing them with all the supplies needed, taking in return therefor orders on the "Cuban government," and in many cases refusing to accept any compensation.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 28.—In view of public statements that President Roosevelt had made known his intended policy toward Cuba in the present revolution in that island, Secretary Loeb said today that any such statements were entirely without foundation and the President had indicated to no one any determination in the matter.

FAILED FOR $7,000,000

Real Estate Trust Co. Closes Its Doors

Philadelphia, Aug. 28.—The Real Estate Trust company closed its doors at 2:25 this afternoon. The failure will amount to $7,000,000. It was the second in point of standing of the Philadelphia trust companies. It has a capital and surplus of $290,000 and deposits of $7,500,000. It was established in 1885, and Frank K. Hipple was its president up to the time of his death last Friday.

The company did a large business in call loans, having about $6,700,000 of such loans outstanding.

An investigation by the trustees of the company followed the death of Mr. Hipple, and disclosed such a state of affairs that a meeting of representative bankers was called for this afternoon to consider the situation. After examining the situation exhaustively, these bank officials found themselves unable to lend the required assistance and called a meeting of their own trustees for 3:30 p. m. Meanwhile, at 2:25, those in charge of the Real Estate Trust company found it necessary to close its doors.

There are rumors to the effect that Mr. Hipple's death, which was assigned to cerebral hemorrhage, was not the result of natural causes.

Samuel F. Houston, president of the Real Estate Trust company, issued a statement after the trust company had closed its doors, in which he said that the affairs of the company were very much involved and that the officials found themselves unable to continue business.

"In round numbers," he said, "the failure will amount to $7,000,000. At a meeting of the banks and trust companies of the Philadelphia clearing house today an effort was made to raise money to tide the company over its difficulties, but all we could get was $3,500,000, or about one-half what was needed. Consequently the court has been applied to for a receiver."

Rumors of a run on the bank caused a slight run early today and in the last half hour thousands of dollars were drawn out by depositors.

Frank K. Hipple was treasurer of the board of trustees of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church and, it is said, had all of the funds on deposit in his company. Hipple had been engaged in heavy real estate deals, and it is said lost millions of dollars.

Receiver Appointed.

Judge Audenreid, in common pleas court, today appointed George H. Earle, Jr., president of the Finance Company of Pennsylvania, receiver for the Real Estate Trust company. The directors of the Real Estate Trust company are John F. Betz, R. Dale Benson, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Joseph Dell, Junkin, W. A. Patton, Samuel F. Houston, Bayard Henry and Frank C. Roberts.

As treasurer of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian general assembly, Mr. Hipple had at the close of the last fiscal year, March 1, 1905, $3,900 in cash and $960,000 in securities. His accounts were passed upon and found correct at that time by Vollum, Fernley & Vollum, public accountants of Philadelphia.

Mr. Hipple also was treasurer of the sustentation committee of the synod of Pennsylvania of the Presbyterian hospital, and American treasurer of the western section of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system. He was a director of the Franklin National bank, of Philadelphia.

Girl Who Organized Quake Ambulance Corps in Chile

Philadelphia, Aug. 27.—When the news was cabled from Valparaiso that a Chilean girl had organized the ambulance corps for relief work in the devastated city many Philadelphians who had known Blanca Hillman during her residence here remembered a most attractive young woman and wished her all success in her work.

Miss Hillman was graduated from the Woman's Medical college, of this city, with the class of 1905. She came from Santiago, state of Santiago, about eight years ago and entered a seminary at Rye, N. Y., studying at that place for about four years, when she entered on a course of medicine at the college in this city.

When she arrived in Philadelphia Miss Hillman was considered the most beautiful woman that had ever come from South America, and as she grew into maturity her beauty was even more pronounced. A woman of large physique, she had indomitable courage and an unbending will.

Beloved by her classmates, Dr. Hillman was held up as an example of what a woman might accomplish in medical knowledge. She learned without an effort and spent the greater portion of her leisure time in smoothing the path of her less brilliant classmates.

As an example of her courage and goodness of heart, one of the classmates of Dr. Hillman told how, while she was a student at the college, two immense negroes had endeavored to hold her up. At the time the young medical student was taking a stroll with her fox terrier, Sport, in North College avenue. On coming to a dark portion of the street two negroes jumped upon the defenceless woman and bore her to the ground. The little fox terrier attacked them and made things so unpleasant around their shinbones that they let go of the woman and started to run.

On being released Miss Hillman grappled with the two men and held them until she had given them a curtain lecture on the evil of their ways, after which she made them accompany her to a nearby physician, where she cauterized the wounds made by the fox terrier. Miss Hillman never mentioned the episode and it did not leak out for months.

PEASANTS TO GET LAND

Ukase Has Been Published in Russia.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 28.—The distribution of crown appanages, the first part of the administration's agrarian program, by which it is hoped to win the peasantry to the support of the government at the coming elections, was put in effect yesterday, when a ukase was published transferring the 4,500,000 acres of appanage lands mentioned in Associated Press dispatches August 23 to the Peasants' bank for distribution to the peasants.

The urgency of the situation is such that the ukase, which was signed the day of the attempt on the life of Premier Stolypin, was gazetted without waiting for final decision as to the method and terms of payment. The principal question whether the latter shall be 33 or 60 years, has not yet been decided. The announcement on this point and of the transfer of 10,000,000 acres of crown lands will be made later.

CONTAIN 6,420 COUNTS

10 Indictments Returned in Chicago Against Standard.

Chicago, Aug. 27. — The two federal grand juries returned ten indictments against the Standard Oil company yesterday afternoon before Judge Bethea in the United States circuit court.

The indictments, which contain 6,420 counts, are all in connection with the granting of rebates. No railroad was mentioned in the indictments.

HOT OLD TIME IN RIGA

Bullets and Bombs Flew Thick and Fast.

Riga, Aug. 28.—Police and troops today surrounded a lodging house on Stolivia street, where bombs had been discovered.

The revolutionists inside fired with rifles from the windows on the attacking party and also threw a bomb, whereupon the troops riddled the house with bullets, killing or wounding all the inmates. Two men and a woman were killed.

At another place in the suburbs a Lettish student was killed and several were wounded while resisting arrest.

ALICE PRESSED BUTTON

Mrs. Longworth Opens Festival at Cincinnati.

Cincinnati, Aug. 28.—With simple ceremony, the annual Cincinnati Industrial exposition was formally opened today by Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. She pressed a golden button in Music hall that set a chime of bells ringing. This was the signal for the opening of the festival. Mrs. Longworth was enthusiastically cheered.

Congressman and Mrs. Longworth, accompanied by the festival directors, then viewed the exhibits and the different shows in music hall and Washington park.

BACK TO WHITE HOUSE

President Will Scarcely Recognize His Residence.

Washington, Aug. 28.—President Roosevelt and his family will return to Washington to a practically new White House, as the executive mansion practically has been renovated since the departure of the President and his family. Congress was liberal with the President and provided ample means for putting his residence in first-class condition.

Since the President left early in July the White House has been in charge of painters, plasterers, plumbers and other mechanics, who have been placing it in first-class condition.

SAILS FOR VALPARAISO

Secretary Root Due in Panama September 16.

Washington, Aug. 28. — Secretary Root is now out on the Pacific ocean sailing for Valparaiso, Chile. A dispatch was received from him by the state department from Puerto Arinas, Straits of Magellan, saying that he was starting for Valparaiso and that he expected to arrive at Panama about September 16.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT IN A WRECK; UNINJURED.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 28.—Delayed for several hours, but uninjured by the wreck of a train in which he was coming east from a visit to his father's old ranch at Medora, N. D., Kermit Roosevelt and his friend, John Heard, reached St. Paul yesterday afternoon. The boys rode about St. Paul in an automobile and then continued their eastward journey.

At Berea a split switch derailed five coaches of the train carrying Kermit Roosevelt, but none of the passengers was injured, although Roosevelt, who occupied a compartment in a sleeping car, and several other persons were somewhat shaken up.

SAVED BABY FROM EAGLE

Farmer Shoots Bird Just in Nick of Time.

Winsted, Conn., Aug 27.—Attracted by the cackling of his hens, C. H. Hover, a farmer living on the New Hartford road, rushed outdoors and saw a large eagle circling in the air directly above a baby carriage in the yard.

He carried the sleeping infant indoors, and, returning with a rifle, shot and killed the eagle just as it was about to carry off a good-sized hen. The eagle, of the bald-headed species, was the largest seen in these parts in years.

MADE $500 IN 10 MINUTES

Machinist Sells Hay Slinging Machine to Bystander.

Goshen, Ind., Aug. 27.—Hubert A. Myers, a young Goshen machinist, carrying out an idea he had in mind for a long time, made $500 in ten minutes. When A. P. Boyer, of the Goshen Manufacturing company, was in Myers' shop the machinist was talking of a patent hay sling idea. To illustrate to Boyer he took a piece of iron and in ten minutes had his model made. "What will you take for it?" asked Boyer. "Just $1,000," answered Myers in a joking way. "I will give you $500," was Boyer's reply. The deal was closed.

INDIANS TO LET POLITICS ALONE.

Tohlequah, I. T., Aug. 25.—The Ketowah society of Cherokee Indians adjourned after a four days' meeting, with a decision to let politics alone.

Orators openly declared against the Indians taking an active part in the politics of Oklahoma, and 1,000 full bloods promised not to vote. About 3,000 Indians attended the meeting.

'FRISCO FIRST TO AID.

Washington, Aug. 23.—San Francisco made the first American contribution for the relief of the Valparaiso earthquake sufferers. A dispatch received by the state department today from American Minister Hicks at Santiago, announced that a donation of $10,000 had been received from San Francisco.

FAMOUS RAIDER DEAD.

Oak Grove, Mo., Aug. 27.—Captain J. Frank Gregg, who for the first half of the civil war was in General Joe Shelby's command, but who later was with Quantrell, the raider, and is said to have been in the famous raid at Lawrence, Kas., died at his home at Grain Valley near here yesterday.

WOUNDED BY WOODCHUCK

Man Says Animal Pulled the Trigger of His Rifle.

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 27.—George Adams, of Waterbury, lies fatally wounded at the home of Clifford Barnum, in Middlebury.

Adams was shot by a woodchuck. He went to Middlebury a few days ago on business. With two farmhands and his wife he went in pursuit of a woodchuck which was in a burrow in a lot a quarter of a mile from the Barnum home. The men poured bucket after bucket of water into the woodchuck hole, and soon had the animal gasping to keep his head above water at the mouth of the hole. Adams tried to push the woodchuck under the water with the butt of his rifle. As he did so, the woodchuck, Adams says, seizing the rifle trigger with its claws, discharged the rifle. The bullet entered Adams' stomach, passed through his body and lodged in his side. Surgeons have failed to locate it. The woodchuck escaped in the excitement following the shooting.

EMOTIONAL INSANITY

Will Be Thaw's Defense—Decision Just Made.

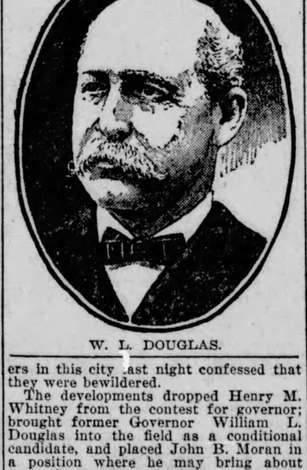
New York, Aug. 22. — A decision was reached today by the attorneys for Harry K. Thaw that Thaw's defense to the charge of killing Stanford White will be a plea of emotional insanity.

This will include as a part of the defense the declaration that Thaw's insanity existed only until after White was killed and that Thaw is now sane again and has been since the killing.

DOUGLAS NOW IN FIELD

The Massachusetts Political Leaders Are Bewildered.

Boston, Aug. 23.—Developments in the contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination have been so rapid within the past twenty-four hours that political leaders in this city last night confessed that they were bewildered.



W. L. DOUGLAS.

The developments dropped Henry M. Whitney from the contest for governor; brought former Governor William L. Douglas into the field as a conditional candidate, and placed John B. Moran in a position where he may bring about party harmony or continue a contest against a number of Democratic leaders who are opposed to his candidacy.

The district attorney's friends confidently assert that he will wage a fight to a finish and that under no circumstances will he withdraw.

In his letter to Josiah Quincy, chairman of the Democratic state committee, Mr. Whitney said:

"It is clearly evident that ex-Governor Douglas is willing to be again a candidate for governor. It is also evident that the party leaders are not agreed as to my candidacy. I therefore hereby absolutely withdraw my name as candidate for the office of governor and pledge my hearty support to Governor Douglas."

COW SAVED MAN'S LIFE

Drew Attention of Bull That Was Goring Colonel to Death.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 27.—Colonel E. H. Gaither, of Harrodsburg, who, as commander of the Second regiment, State Guard, has seen active service, was bested the other day in a battle with his big Alderney bull. Colonel Gaither is just out of bed, and here is what he has to say of the bull:

"The worst feature of it all was that two burly negro men stood within a stone's throw and witnessed the whole thing, absolutely refusing to come to my assistance. I pleaded with them to come to my help, but they would not. Torn and bleeding, I battled for life while they looked on and threw a couple of rocks.

I felt that every minute would be my last. I was so weak from loss of blood that I expected to fall to the ground and be gored to death. Fortunately, a cow came up bellowing, and the bull left me to go to her. That cow saved my life."

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Aug. 25.—Bradstreet's says today:

"Fall trade has still further expanded; buyers are in all the leading markets in large numbers and are operating freely, despite temporary checks caused by hot or rainy weather. The same is largely true of industrial operations, which go forward with a steadily increasing volume of output and with little available capacity in leading lines booked far ahead. This latter condition is perhaps best illustrated by reports from the iron and steel and cotton goods industries, which are in a very strong position with prices tending upward to meet demands for delivery. The situation in cotton goods is particularly noteworthy, in view of the declining trend of the market for raw cotton.

"In the iron and steel industry all records for August have been eclipsed and, in fact, some lines report the month to be the best ever witnessed.

"Retail trade is quiet, the time for shifting to fall displays having arrived, although some small jobbers have re-orders for summer goods.

"Railway tonnage is of enormous volume, the record for August being the best ever attained in that period. Gross earnings for the first half of the month exceed those of a year ago, when trade was likewise active, by 16 per cent. Despite marked additions to equipment, a car shortage of more or less importance is not unlikely later.

"Business failures in the United States for the week ending August 23 number 155, against 153 last week, 156 in the like week in 1904, 185 in 1903 and 140 in 1902. In Canada, failures for the week number 22, as against 22 last week and 23 a year ago.

"Wheat, including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week ending August 23 was 3,196,375 bushels, against 2,827,354 last week, 1,170,340 the same week last year and 1,044,000 in 1903. For the past eight weeks of the fiscal year the exports are 18,124,598 bushels, against 7,477,504 in 1905, 10,634 in 1904 and 64,761,566 in 1901. Corn exports for the week are 663,504 bushels, against 525,733 last week, 987,204 a year ago and 763,846 in 1904. For the fiscal year to date, the exports are 5,767,634 bushels, against 664,147 in 1903 and 1,637,447 in 1904."

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Aug. 28.—The wheat market opened firm to higher and featureless today, but a weak undertone soon developed. Lower cables and favorable harvesting weather encouraged a drive by the bears. There was no especial pressure on the market, and on all declines there was support from the principal longs, also some from the shorts. Northwestern cash wheat is firmly held with a prospect of a big movement of spring wheat unlikely. Broomhall cabled that Liverpool wheat was easy at the opening, with values ½d lower, followed by a further decline of ⅛@¼d; the weaker cables from America yesterday and higher grading of soft winter wheat caused liquidation, particularly in September, but a better continental inquiry for cargoes off coast and a fair spot trade caused a steadier undertone toward noon.

Bradstreet's available supply of wheat increased 3,000,000 bushels compared with an increase of 3,394,000 bushels a week ago, and an increase of 1,497,000 bushels a year ago. Winnipeg wired that showers had occurred in many districts, but the weather on the whole was fair, with moderate temperatures. A few scattered showers are forecasted, but the predictions are mostly fair and comparatively cooler tomorrow. Country acceptances of wheat were light, but some houses reported a better disposition to sell. A round lot of Nebraska wheat was offered in Chicago at only ¼c above the price that had been bid for it. Chicago trade in wheat opened slow, with prices a shade easier. Prices later in the forenoon steadied, as there was little pressure. Towards noon a slight weakness developed owing to a lack of support. The close saw the distant months and cash down to yesterday's close with September alone ⅛c up. Local shorts covering caused a rally at the last moment. Minneapolis strengthened on light receipts and poor grading.

Liberal receipts of corn caused an easy feeling in the corn market. The bid on September was firm, while December was ¼c and May ½c off at the opening. Large shipping sales were reported, the Chicago receipts being practically sold out before their arrival. The old and new crop positions looked healthy from a bull standpoint. Finley Barrell's crop expert wired from Kansas City that the corn average in that vicinity was good. Other advices were to the effect that the crop in parts of Kansas, Nebraska and Illinois was bad. Liverpool corn, according to Broomhall, was inactive, the market neglected and the undertone steady. Liverpool corn opened ½d up to unchanged, and at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon was still unchanged.

Western elevator concerns sold corn, which looked for a while as though it could not stand the pressure. The tone was easy, but the heavy selling of September did not affect the other months much. Many believed the bears had sold themselves into a rut and there was some little buying, especially in May. At the close cash corn was ¼c down, with the futures firm all along the list from September to May. As given by Bradstreet, the decrease in the available supply of corn is 449,000 bushels, as against a decrease of 1,438,000 bushels a week ago and an increase of 453,000 bushels a year ago.

Oats opened a shade lower all down the list. Cash oats were reported to be bringing a good premium in Chicago, where the receipts were said not to be overtaking the demand. Many traders were of the opinion that oats had about reached the bottom price level for the present. The opening prices held steady throughout the early trading hours.

According to Bradstreet, the available supply of oats has increased 1,729,000 bushels, compared with 740,000 bushels a week ago, and 1,246,000 bushels a year ago. Trade in oats was slow and prices were easier, in sympathy with the other grains. Commission houses sold September and bought December. The market sold off later in the day and December closed ¼c down. Cash and the other months held firm.

The clover seed market opened firm today in all the months except January, which was a point down from yesterday's high price of $7.62½. Cash seed was nominally firm at $7.30. Call board quotations held throughout the morning hours.

Towards noon a weakness developed and at the close October and December were two points down and January three points down. Old cash held to $7.30 all day, but was dull. Some March seed was traded for the first time today, the quotation being $7.65.

TOLEDO.

				—Close—	
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Au.28	Au.27
Cash	73¼	....	....	73½	73½
Sept.	73½	73¾	73⅝	73⅝	73½
Dec.	76¼	76¾	76	76¼	76¼
May	80⅝	80⅝	79⅞	80¼	80¼
Corn—					
Cash	52½	....	....	52½	53
Sept.	51¼	51¼	51	51¼	51¼
Dec.	43¾	44	43¾	44	44
May	44¾	44⅞	44⅝	44⅞	44⅞
Oats—					
Cash	31¼	....	....	31½	31½
Sept	31⅝	31⅝	31¼	31¼	31½
Dec	32⅝	32⅝	32½	32⅝	32¾
May	34¾	34¾	34⅝	34⅞	34⅞
Clover Seed—					
Prime new.	....	....	....	7.50	....
Old cash	7.30	....	....	7.30	7.30
March	7.65	....	....	7.65	....
Oct.	7.55	7.55	7.50	7.55	7.55
Dec.	7.55	7.55	7.50	7.55	7.55
Jan.	7.60	7.60	7.55	7.55	7.62½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	56	56
No. 3	....	....	....	53	53
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.90	1.90
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.10	7.10

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	70⅞	71¼	70¼	71¼	71¼
Dec.	74¼	74¼	73⅝	74¼	74⅝
May	78⅜	78¼	77⅞	78¼	78¼
Corn—					
Sept.	48¼	48⅝	48	48¼	48⅜
Dec.	44	44	43⅝	44	43⅞
May	44⅜	44⅜	44⅛	44⅜	44⅝
Oats—					
Aug.	29½	29½	29	29½	29½
Sept.	29¼	29¼	28¾	29¼	29¼
Dec.	30½	30⅝	30¼	30⅝	30⅝
May	32⅝	33	32½	32⅞	32⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	78¾	79¼	78¾	79¼	78⅞
Dec	81⅝	81⅞	81½	81⅝	81⅝
Corn—					
Sept	56¼	56¼	56	56¼	56¼
Dec	52⅜	52⅝	52½	52⅝	52⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	68⅝	68⅝	68¼	68⅜	68⅝
Dec	71½	71⅞	71½	71⅝	71⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	71⅜	71⅜
Dec	....	....	....	73⅛	72⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	73⅝	73½
Dec	....	....	....	73⅝	73⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept	17.00	17.25	16.95	17.00	17.02
Jan	13.42	13.50	13.42	13.40	13.52
Lard—					
Sept	8.70	8.70	8.67	8.67	8.75
Oct	8.80	8.80	8.75	8.75	8.82
Nov	8.57	8.62	8.57	8.60	8.62
Jan	7.92	7.92	7.90	7.90	7.95
Ribs—					
Sept	8.75	8.75	8.60	8.65	8.80
Oct	8.60	8.60	8.55	8.57	8.62
Jan	7.22	7.25	7.20	7.20	7.30

Money and Stocks.

New York, Aug. 28.—(Wall Street.)—Some substantial gains were made at the opening of the stock market, but a number of stocks were little changed from yesterday's closing. St. Paul, Smelting and Colorado Fuel improved one and Northern Pacific one and a half. Anaconda, exceptionally, dropped five points, but rallied seven.

The general market became heavy after first few minutes and the opening advances were wiped out. Smelting sold a point below yesterday's closing and Reading nearly as much.

Much of the irregularity in the market arose from the efforts of the professional traders to conceal their profit taking in certain stocks by advancing others. The list at no time moved with great uncertainty and was alternately above and below yesterday's closing prices. The Harriman stocks and Reading seemed to yield the most readily of these in which there was any great volume of business, while St. Paul and Atchison offered good resistance at times. Canadian Pacific was unusually active and four points higher. Sugar and Great Northern pfd. suffered temporary losses of 1 and 1½ respectively. At 11 o'clock the market was rising steadily with St. Paul, Atchison, the Harriman stocks, U. S. Steel and Amalgamated Copper at the top.

Buying orders were increased in all quarters of the market, especially for these stocks in which the dividend probabilities are under discussion. Atchison was taken in round amounts and reached 108⅛, the best price on record, and 1⅞ above yesterday's final. Among the other grain carriers a good display of strength was shown, and there was also a decided improvement in the prices of some of the soft coal stocks, a decline of 1⅝ in Brooklyn transit was ignored. St. Paul rose 3; Northwestern and Consolidated Gas, 2½; Chesapeake and Ohio, 1⅞; Locomotive, 1¾; Northern Pacific and Missouri Pacific, 1½; Great Northern pfd. and Norfolk and Western, 1. Bonds were irregular at noon.

Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 28.—Hog receipts were nine cars today. The market was fairly active and prices ruled strong to ten cents higher, the big advance being with selected heavies, Yorkers and bacon grades. Packers and shippers were all in the market. Toward the close there was a feeling that the premium prices of the early hours were too high and some late arrivals sold on a basis of 5c lower.

Cattle receipts were three cars. The market was active and steady.

Veals were twenty-five cents higher today. Sheep and lambs were steady.

Western hog receipts: Chicago, 16,000, estimated 22,000; Omaha, 10,000; Kansas City, 14,000; left over, 5,051. The Chicago hog market opened steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 250 to 300 lbs., $6.55@6.60; mediums, average 200 to 250 lbs., $6.60@6.65; Yorkers, $6.65@6.70; the bulk of sales at $6.60@6.65; pigs, $6.50@6.55; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.25.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,300 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.35; fair to choice steers, $4.65@4.90; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best cows, $2.50@3.50; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $3.00@4.50; good to choice veals, $7.50@8.00; fair to common, $4.00@4.50.

Sheep—Common to good yearlings, $4.50@6.00; lambs, good to choice, $6.25@6.75; good mixed, $4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 28.—(Special report to The Blade from Swope, H. W. & B.)—Cattle, 25 cars; steady. Hogs, 25 cars; steady. All grades, $6.65@6.75; Sheep, 20 cars; slow. Best spring lambs, $8.00@